McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

OL. XL. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1903. NO. 5

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

Held in Smethport Boro and Keating Township Saturday.

BOTH NOMINATE GOOD TICKETS.

Not Many Attended Caucus Little Contest for Nomination—Every Man Should be Elected.

The Republican primaries were held in the basement of the court house between the hours of [illegible] Saturday evening and [illegible] ticket was placed in nomination. There was practically no contest for places on the ticket and where there were more than one man for the same office little effort was made by either for the nomination.

With the possible exception of our candidate for chief burgess, W. A. Andorfer, all are too well known to the voters of this borough to need any introduction. Mr. Andorfer is a glass cutter by trade and is boss cutter at the Camp factory. He has been a resident of Smethport for the past four years and during that time has become acquainted with and won the confidence of the business men of this place. He is a man of keen perception, good business and executive ability and will fill the office to which he aspires with credit to himself and the borough. Following is the ticket nominated:

Chief Burgess—W. A. Andorfer.

Councilmen—W. A. Ostrander, three years, Guy McCoy, three years; H. B. Redfield, to fill unexpired term of W. P. Walsh, resigned, one year.

School Directors—Sheridan Gorton, Oscar Engstrom.

High Constable—Andrew Ness.

Tax Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Auditor—Clarence Choate.

Judge of Election—G. A. Backus.

Inspector of Election—C. H. Burlingame.

Keating township Republicans [illegible] Saturday [illegible] made great [illegible] by a majority of two votes. [illegible] townships [illegible] Fergus [illegible] Marcus was [illegible]

Supervisors—Fred H. Nourse, Michael Herzog.

Tax Collector—James Bray.

School Directors—C. C. [illegible]

[illegible]

Judge of Election—1st district, O. D. Bush; 2d district, A. A. Champlin; 3d district, Geo. Hancock.

Inspector of Election—1st district, John Hallock; 2d district, Philetus Spencer; 3d district, C. H. Shannon.

Killed Himself and Wife.

A dispatch from Oil City to the Bradford Era dated yesterday says:

John H. Fiddler, proprietor of the Forest Hotel at Marienville, Forest county, shot and instantly killed his wife in the hotel to-day. He then shot himself in the forehead, and died at 9 o'clock to-night. He leaves one son, aged 8 years.

John H. Fiddler and his wife are well remembered in Bradford. They were made locally notable because of a smallpox scare which the man started here last August. He was refused lodging in different hotels, and with his wife and son, was taken to the new isolation hospital. Subsequently it developed that he was not afflicted with smallpox and he was released. With his wife and child he returned to his home at Marienville, threatening, meanwhile, to sue Bradford city for damages on account of his detention. He was afflicted with what was called Hungarian measles, a skin disease having many of the symptoms of smallpox. Mrs. Fiddler was a most estimable women and much sympathy was felt for her on account of the circumstances attending her visit. Her husband's hotel was the only one to survive the fire which occurred in Marienville early last summer.

College of Music.

Parents desiring children to have instruction, and well cared for, can find no better place than the College of Music at Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa. Pupils from ten years old and from the beginner to the advanced are admitted. Terms begin May 4, June 15 and July 20. For catalogue address

HENRY B. MOYER.

Buy a Food Chopper. It will save its cost many times. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Use the Redfield mantle.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

H. Hamlin, Esq., will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Elmira Advertiser of the 10th instant, he furnished us in the evening of the day it was published. By that means we're enabled to give a portion of our readers last week the news of Lee's surrender, which took place the Sunday before.

From what little experience we have had in the oil regions we do not hesitate to say that we have visited no locality where the oil indications are more visible than in this immediate vicinity. Every oil man who has visited this county pronounces the same opinion and still there is less doing here than in any adjoining district. We understand that in Bradford township parties are boring for oil with some vigor, but that is the only township in McKean county where any efforts are being made, excepting the one well on the Beckwith property which is being "cleaned" out. Why is this? What has become of the companies who leased thousands of acres up the valleys of Potato and Marvin creeks last fall and winter? Where are they? Echo answers where!

President Lincoln Murdered! Secretary Seward Assassinated! Frederick Seward Badly Injured! Washington, April 14, 1865, 11 o'clock p. m. To Maj. Gen. Dix:—This evening about nine o'clock, at Ford's Theatre, the President was standing in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and the Mayor, when an assassin entered the box and approached the President from behind and shot him. The assassin then leaped onto the stage, flourishing a large knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theatre. The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through. The wound was mortal and the President has been insensible ever since and is now dying. About the same time another, or the same, entered Mr. Seward's house and under the pretense of having a prescription was shown the Secretary's sick room. The Secretary was in bed and Mrs. Seward and a nurse were with him. [illegible] Frederick Seward [illegible] When he [illegible] immediately [illegible] President will [illegible] E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War. [illegible] April 15. Mr. Lincoln [illegible] this morning. Mr. Seward, Sr., is [illegible]

The blackest crime of this or any other age was perpetrated in the city of Washington on Friday evening. [illegible] Ford's Theatre [illegible] expired. From the foregoing dispatches it will be seen that the wretch who committed this awful crime has been taken, but how can he expiate the wrong he has done this nation. The death of Abraham Lincoln has cast a gloom over the land which was never experienced before, even in the darkest days of our republic. It seems as though the saviour of our nation, the man on whom the restoration of our distracted land to happiness and peace depended, had been stricken down just as he was consummating his glorious mission. But he is gone. God has ordained that some other must finish up the great work so far advanced to completion by him whose loss is so greatly deplored to-day and it is our duty to submit to the decrees of an All-Wise Providence. Next week we shall give full particulars of this terrible tragedy. The above dispatches comprise all the information received at the time of going to press.

We mentioned in our last issue of the wounding of Lieut. Pelton in the recent battle near Petersburg. Now we are called upon to announce his death which was the effect of the wounds received at that time. It grieves us to record the death of such noble men as John Pelton. He first entered the service in 1861, as a member of Co. H of the 58th Regiment, and we can testify to his bearing as a true soldier upon every occasion which called out the elements constituting one. In the latter part of '63 he was mustered out of service for the purpose of being mustered in as 2d lieutenant of his company. After being mustered out it was ascertained that the company had not the requisite number of men to entitle him to a commission. Consequently he was sent home to await the filling up of his company. While home, in the fall of '64, Capt. Cowles received authority to raise a company of men for one year's service and Pelton was one of the first to enlist in that company. At the organization of the company he was made 2d lieutenant and he served in that capacity until he fell while leading his men over the Malakoff's of treason. Thus another noble sacrifice has been made to the great cause of human liberty. The remains of Lieut. Pelton have reached home and the funeral services will take place at the church in Farmers Valley to-day (Tuesday, April 25, 1865) at 10 a. m. Elder Morris will preach the funeral sermon.

Killed by a Horse.

George Reed, a well-known resident of Simpson, was fatally kicked by a horse early yesterday morning. The deceased was foreman for the South Penn Oil company and had gone to his barn at the rear of his residence to harness a team of horses. One of the animals proved refractory, and while endeavoring to obtain control of it in the stall Reed received a vicious kick in the abdominal region, which felled him to the floor in a dying condition. Various efforts were put forth to overcome the effects of the blow, but to no avail, death ensuing within a brief period.

The deceased was a widower, aged 47 years, and is survived by three children. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., and was held in high regard by his many friends and acquaintances in Simpson and vicinity. No arrangements have been made as yet for the funeral.

Coroner Hall of Bradford and County Detective Hungiville were notified of the fatality, but after investigating the circumstances of the death an inquest was not deemed necessary.—To-day's Bradford Era.

Coudersport Consistory Reunion.

The ninth reunion of Coudersport Consistory is in session at Coudersport this week and all of the degrees from the fourth to the thirty-second inclusive are being worked in full ceremonial and on Friday evening this reunion will conclude with a banquet.

A large class is taking the degrees, among which are H. H. Redfield, Sidney Owen and H. M. Choate of this place. There are the usual number of visitors in attendance and the [illegible] dignified by the presence of [illegible] V. Holmes, Grand Secretary of the [illegible] [illegible] thirty-second [illegible] being worked by [illegible]

Frozen to Death.

[illegible] was found frozen to death lying [illegible] Saturday afternoon [illegible] says the Bradford Era. [illegible] about fifty years and is said to have served with the British army in the Soudan. He was a native of England and was accredited with possessing an excellent education and attainments of an exceptional quality, which proved of little consequence to him, owing to various frailties and an appetite for liquor, of which he was a victim. It is believed that Archer was his correct name and that he assumed the name of Bernette for family reasons.

Salvation Army.

The meetings at the Baptist church conducted by the Salvation Army have maintained their previous interest and power. The church has been crowded almost every night and there has been a goodly number of converts.

Next Saturday evening Brigadier V. A. McIntyre will be present and deliver a lecture on the work of the Salvation Army in the slum districts of our great cities. The lecture will be illustrated by a powerful stereopticon.

Brigadier McIntyre is expected to conduct the services on Sunday. There will be services on Sunday at 10:30 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. This series of meetings is expected to close on Sunday evening.

Death of Daniel Healey.

A dispatch to the Era from Mt. Alton, dated Jan. 26 says: Daniel Healey died at his home here this evening at 6 o'clock, aged 68 years. He had been suffering from an attack of la grippe. Mr. Healey was a resident of this place during the past 37 years; was a man of excellent qualities and one who was highly esteemed. He is survived by five sons and three daughters, J. J. Healey of Smethport, C. M. of Grand Rapids, Mich., D. T of Bradford, A. C. of Kane, Miss Ella Healey of Bradford, Martin and Misses Jennie and Margaret of Mt. Alton.

For Sale.

A dining table and sideboard, nearly new; also a heating stove. Call on or address R. E. BURDICK, Smethport, Pa.

THE RED MEN'S ANNIVERSARY.

The Second Birthday of the I. O. R. M. in Smethport.

IT WAS AN ENJOYABLE EVENT.

Many Guests Were in Attendance Crosby Sent a Large Delegation—Good Time.

The Smethport Red Men entertained their friends in a highly enjoyable manner at the I. O. O. F. rooms on Monday evening, the occasion being the second anniversary of the organization of the local tribe.

A large number of Indians, together with their wives and sweethearts, drove down from Crosby and joined the merry throng.

The Smethport band arrived at the hall about 9 o'clock and rendered several selections before supper was announced. The music by the band was greatly appreciated and loudly applauded, the selection, "Nancy Lee," sung by Mr. John Swan with band accompaniment, being encored several times.

Mr. Dan Hunter and another gentleman, whose name could not be learned, favored the assemblage with several vocal selections, which were well received.

The band and invited guests were then ushered to the dining room, which accommodates fifty-six persons, and an elegant collation was served. The Red Men certainly know how to provide eatables. The variety was large and everything was good—like mother used to make. After heartily discussing the tempting repast, the first roundful retired to make room for the others and the writer is quite sure the dining room was filled four times, making a total of over two hundred persons who enjoyed the elegant spread.

Then the band played on. [illegible]

Our Own Sherlock Holmes

[illegible] Philadelphia detective [illegible] "You have a regular system of detection to follow in your profession, I presume," said the colonel.

"Not a regular system," said the man of mystery; "irregular is how it might be described. Circumstances alter cases—especially criminal cases. To detect the difference, for instance, between a case of temporary insanity and a case of wine, requires certain deductions. A suspect must be taken unawares if he is taken at all. The detective must have the dramatic instinct of disguising himself as to appearance and intention. He must face all kinds of men and conditions as the circumstances require."

Then Del Weaver pulled the Svengali beard from the Philadelphia detective's face—and lo! There stood Tom Hungiville, Detective Plenipotentiary of McKean county!

"Well what do you think of that?" gasped the colonel.

The court house "bunch" laughed ghoulishly at the Bradford man's astonishment. The detective disappeared.

House Moved 3 1-2 Miles.

Oswayo Valley Mail: A dwelling house owned by Fred Rixford has been moved from Horse Run to Shingle House, a distance of about 3½ miles. The moving contract was let to Henry Loucks for $100. The upright part of the house is 16x24 feet, and the kitchen is 16 feet square. It was moved by teams from Horse Run to the N. Y. & P. railroad on the Oscar Bailey farm, where it was "switched" on to the railroad track with runners on each side of the rails. Sunday an engine was hired to haul it to the Honeoye street crossing in Shingle House; the engine "snaked" it along without any trouble at all. From there it was moved down Honeoye street, and out Lincoln street to a lot Mr. Rixford recently purchased of W. G. Sutherland. If you can't build a house, move one.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

Bringing Dead Dogs to Life.

News of wonderful discoveries concerning the origin and nature of life have of late come from Chicago, few of which have finally come up to sample, but Cleveland now takes the lead, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. A professor of surgery claims to have found (or it is claimed for him) a method of restoring dead dogs to life. He choked one pup to death and then pumped him full of "adrenalin," whereupon the dog recovered and is reported to be running around barking and biting as if his existence had never been suspended. The next experiment is more wonderful still. This dog's head was cut off, but by copious injections of the aforesaid chemical the dog was restored to life and managed to breathe and kick for more than ten hours. This story would have been much more artistic if the head had been sewed on and the dog reported alive and barking to-day.

Such stories as this are becoming of increasing frequency. If they were all fairy tales some steps would be taken to suppress them. It appears, however, that the yarns are generally premature and incorrect reports of experiments being carried on in hope of benefiting the human race. There has never been a time in the history of the world when so much attention was paid to biology as now. The greatest scientists in the world as well as the humblest students are working away with nervous energy and in defiance of all preconceived notions in the hope of finding more about the laws of life. We know little more than the first man of the real nature and origin of life, but in these days we are obtaining some knowledge of its manifestations. In preventive and curative medicine there has been progress, though the field of undiscovered problems is still wide.

That more can be learned by experiments seems certain. Every step made toward a better understanding of man in his physical, mental or moral aspects is a gain, and there is no reason to believe that coming generations will be much wiser than we. In the meantime such stories that come from Cleveland are neither true and would be [illegible]

[illegible]

Mother Sheep and Baby Fox.

Farmer Nye of [illegible] last fall [illegible] when Mrs. Nye had a bright idea.

One of the ewes had been robbed of her young by wildcats and the little fox was carried to the bereaved ewe to receive nourishment.

The fox throve amazingly on sheep's milk and the strange foster mother formed a strong attachment for the little fellow.

Democratic Primaries.

The Democratic party of this borough held its primaries in the basement of the court house and nominated a very good ticket. Suitable Democrats seem to be rather scarce in this neck o' woods as the names of several Republicans appear on the ticket, which is as follows:

Burgess Charles McKean.

Councilmen—J. G. Todd, John F. Rooney, George Shepard.

School Directors—A. S. Moorehouse, Dr. John Clark.

High Constable—E. W. Jones.

Tax Collector—J. A. Holder.

Auditor—S. F. Redfield.

Judge of Election—John Lewis.

Inspector of Election—F. H. Freeman.

Reassuring.

The Venezuelan situation is slightly more reassuring at present. It has been learned from an officer of the United States gunboat Marietta, which anchored yesterday at LaGuayra, that the German commodore Scheder, on arriving at Willemstadt with the Vineta, said: "The Panther did not fire first on Fort San Carlos. On January 17 she was obliged by a storm to take refuge inside the bar and on coming near the fortress she tried to land a boat flying a red flag. This signal was misinterpreted by the fort, which subsequently fired on the boat." It is confidently expected that the blockade will be raised within a few days and that all differences will be adjusted without further friction.

Horse blankets and robes. Low prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Use the Redfield mantle.

EUROPEAN CONSPIRACY.

Gen. MacArthur Says There is One and it is Against Americans.

The Chicago Chronicle of Tuesday says: Charges of a European conspiracy to disrupt the Western Hemisphere, couched by Major General Arthur MacArthur, commanding the Department of the Lakes, in diplomatic language, were made to-night at the annual banquet of the Western Society, Army of the Potomac. President S. E. Gross intimated that Major General S. B. M. Young's absence from the function was occasioned by urgent duties at Washington relative to the South American tangle. "A question is being propounded throughout the world to-day," said General MacArthur, "which is being discussed with secret satisfaction in hostile cabinets, with a view, no doubt, to combined action calculated and intended to introduce discord into this hemisphere whenever a propitious moment shall arise to encourage such interference. The question is," he continued, "whether a self-governing nation as rich and populous as the United States will be able to resist the strain which must inevitably arise as a logical consequence of its own great prosperity? We can answer that question with calm assurance."

Discovery of the Man-Animal.

From last Sunday's Philadelphia Inquirer we glean the following:

The discovery of ten human skeletons in a cave near Croatia, Austria, a few weeks ago, has once more agitated the scientific world on the subject of the "missing link."

Although it has since been established beyond a doubt that the find does not represent the actual missing link, it has given the world new and wonderful knowledge of the creature that was man or nearly man in the lost ages between the glacial periods.

According to the calculations of scientists these bones are more than 200,000 years old, yet [illegible]

[illegible] It stuck out beyond the neck and joined it at a sharp angle.

Immense teeth were set in the mouth of the creature. The teeth in the back of the mouth were even larger than those in front. All the teeth were set deep in mighty jaws.

The body of this primitive man was long and the legs were short—a form directly contrary to the form of the present adult man. The arms were longer than those of man to-day. But they were not nearly so long as the arms of the ape.

The Croatian man had only a very slight knowledge of speech. He possessed the power of language, but his vocabulary and his use of language were both limited.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 23, 1903.

Myron R. Boardman, Wm. E. Boynton, Gust D. Johnson, Wm. H. McKnight, Miss Loretta Miller, Irving Roberts, Mrs. Sam Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Frank King Dead.

Frank King, who will be well remembered by the older residents of Smethport as a former fellow-townsman, died yesterday in Washington, D. C., where he had been employed for a number of years as a clerk in the War Department. Mr. King was a brother of Robert King of this borough and Henry King of Bradford.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

ENTIRELY JUSTIFIABLE

By Eva Williams Malone

Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Company

Brother Hankins was up before Justice Bradbury for assault and battery—Brother Hankins, who had always considered "going to court" as the next step toward a trip to the nether regions.

Yet it was perfectly evident from the proof that Brother Hankins was guilty of the charge brought against him that he had assaulted Deacon Eli Smith. The deacon's manifold and manifest personal defacements proved the facts, and the oaths of various witnesses clinched the proof.

Brother Hankins' counsel sought to establish the plea that there were mitigating circumstances, and Brother Hankins was allowed to take the stand in his own behalf. He pulled his foretop in the way he had been taught was the proper thing when he wanted to "use manners" and said:

"Yo' sho' ain' no mo' s'prised to see me heah, jedge, den I is to be heah, but flesh an' blood is flesh an' blood, an' dey cain' stan' no mo' den dey kin."

"But you are a minister of the gospel, Uncle Hank, and as such don't you think it is very unbecoming for you to be getting into a common fight?"

"But lemme tell yo', jedge, dis heah ain' no common fight, an' ef ary one ob my members had er been cotch in sech a box an' hadn' er fit I'd er thawt he mout be a putty good chu'ch member, but he wa'n' no piece ob a man."

"How is that, Uncle Hank?" said the judge. "It seems a very plain case of assault and battery, and I don't see where the mitigating circumstances come in."

"Dat's bekase yo' hain' 'come acquainted wid dem suckumstances an' cain' jes' zackly segashuefy how mitigatin' dey reely am, jedge. Yo' see, I wuz de paster at Possum Holler, an' dere wa'n' nuffin but peace an' good will in my congregashun tell de deacons 'gun at me to marry. My wife, yo' know, been dead sev'al mont's."

"Well, you didn't object to that, did you?" And the judge gave Uncle Hankins a knowing wink.

"Well, sah, I wa'n' jes' zackly sho' 'bout de match. I 'lowed I wuz putty comf'table wid my daughter Kyarline, so I said to de 'breddren ef hit's all de same I'd jes' stay lak I wuz. But, no sah; dey 'low hit mout mek scandel an' hit 'u'd be better fur de chu'ch ef I'd git me a pardner f'um among de sisters dat hit kinder keep de sisters in a stew when de paster's a widow man."

"Too many of them with an eye on him, eh, Uncle Hank?" put in the judge.

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat, jedge," said Uncle Hank modestly, "but de breddren dey put de matter so strong dat I fin'ly concluded dat ef Zion cain' prosper under de preachin' ob a widow man dat widow man could put a stop to de trouble, an' so"—

"So you concluded to take a wife, did you?"

"Well, not jes' zackly dat strong, jedge. I thawt I'd sorter browse erroun' an' see how de lan' lay, an' ef my eye light on de proper pusson an' de proper pusson's eye light on me"—

"Why, the matter would be easy enough, of course. That's perfectly natural, Uncle Hank." The judge's court seemed for the time being to be transformed into the court of Cupid.

"Well, sah, I browse erroun' 'mongst de sisters sev'al mont's an' come to de conclusion dat Sist' 'Mericy Pendergrass jes' 'bout fill de bill, an' when I 'scuss de matter wid her she 'low she hain' no objection: dat a minister's wife am a mos' lofty an' a mos' holy callin'. But Sist' 'Mericy say she hain' no regler 'bidin' place, bein' a lady what mos'ly hiahs out, so de weddin' 'u'd batter be kinder privit, douten no kyards, no poun' cake, no to-do ob no sawt.

"But dat sawter didn' suit me. I stole my fus' wife, hit bein' slave times, an' I jes' had a feelin' dat ef I gwine marry ergin I didn' want no sneakin' off in de dawk onbeknownst lak, so I tole Sist' 'Mericy dat ez I wuz enterin' de holy state ob mattermony fur de good ob de chu'ch (not meanin' no sinnywations 'ginst de lady) I 'low de chu'ch ort to stand de spense, an' I 'nounce at my next 'p'intment dat dere 'u'd be perseedin's ob mos' onusual intrust at my daughter Kyarline's de next Tuesday night an' all dem dat wuz willin' to fetch a poun' er so ob welcome needn' stan' back fur no fudder invite.

"Dey cotch on, an' ebberwhah I went fur de nex' few days yo' could smell de poun' cakes an' de fowels. De deacons dey all seem mighty pleased an' 'low hit's de bes' t'ing could er happened to de chu'ch, meanin' dat I wa'n' gwine stay a widow man no longer. An' Sist' 'Mericy she wuz jes' ez smilin' ez a basket ob chips, an' I didn' no mo' distrus' 'er den I distrus' yo' honnah on de bench. I made sho' she wuz straight goods, all wool an' a yard wide an' no spots.

"So I hustle erroun' an' scratch up de money fur de license, a-feelin' mo' settleder an' mo' contenteder den I is sence my fus' wife went to glory."

Here Uncle Hank paused, and a shadow fell athwart his wrinkled face. The judge suggested:

"Did the wedding come off on time, Uncle Hank?"

Uncle Hank wiped his brow reflectively and answered after some hesitation:

"Well, jedge, yo' mout say hit did, an' ergin yo' mout say hit didn', 'cordin' to de way yo' look at de matter. F'um dis heah cullud pusson's stan'p'int I'd say no, sah, de weddin' didn' come off 'cordin' to 'p'intment.

"My daughter Kyarline hab ebber-t'ing ready, an' de way de pies an' cakes an' fowels wuz brung in beat de band. De 'rangement wuz dat Deacon Eli Smith, dat white eyed scounnel ober dere fornist yo' honnah," and Uncle Hank glared at the brother mentioned, "he wuz to fetch de bride an' de license to Kyarline's at early candlelightin', an' de weddin' 'u'd den perseed. Now, sah, jes' dat's whah de Judas Scarlat come in."

"Didn't Deacon Smith bring the bride, Uncle Hank?" asked the judge, with interest.

"Didn' he brung de bride?" And Uncle Hank's eyes shot lurid flames at Deacon Smith over "fornist" the judge. "Didn' he brung de bride? Yes, sah, he brung de bride, all tiffied off to kill. But when he draw dat license on me what yo' t'ink dat son of"—

"Be careful, Uncle Hank," admonished the judge.

"What yo' t'ink dat white eyed hippercrit done? Why, sah, he had his own name put in de license to marry Miss 'Mericy Pendergrass 'sted ob mine, an' 'fo' I could git a grab on what wuz gwine on, I bein' teetotally flambusticated, he an' 'Mericy stood up befo' de preacher, an', sah, he had 'em married tight an' fas', an' me settin' dere, wid my mouf open, plumb struck dumb! An' dat ain' all, sah. When de surrymoney wuz ober, dat villyun—yes, sah, I said hit, an' I stan' ready to pay de damage—dat villyun come up to me an' say, he did:

"'Pears lak dere's a little mistake in de bridegroom, but ez de bride said she puffer me, an' you wuz gwine inter de matter fur de good ob de chu'ch, Brudder Hankins, dere needn' be no hahd feelin's. Hadn' we all better set down to supper?'

"Yes, sah; dat's de proppersishun he mek me, standin' dere in my gal Kyarline's house, wid my bride a-hangin' on his arm! An', boss, ez I said at de fus', I ain' nuffin but flesh an' blood ef I is a preacher. When he come at me dat erway an' hit flash ober me dat he done stole my bride an' now he's tryin' to steal my weddin' supper, de flesh got de bes' ob de sperrit, jedge, an' I let fly at dat nigger an'—you know de res'." Uncle Hank, as he gave a satisfied glance at the court plastered, mutilated features of his treacherous rival and sat down amid something that sounded very like suppressed applause.

Squire Bradbury took his quid of tobacco from his mouth, put on his most magisterial air and said:

"After hearing the testimony the court is of opinion that this is a plain case of justifiable assault and that Parson Hankins only performed his simple duty in the premises. The prisoner is discharged. If Deacon Eli Smith does not come up promptly and settle the costs in this case he can have the pleasure of spending his honeymoon in the workhouse."

His Knitting Work.

Aunt Alvira Fifer was what her neighbors called a "regular driver." Possessed of untiring energy and unfailing strength herself, she made little allowance for laziness on the part of any one, and she declared, says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, that she would "put up with a mean man easier than with a lazy one."

Aunt Alvira's husband, Uncle Ethan, was a small, wizened, weak looking man, whom Aunt Alvira declared to be "mighty wiry, if he did look so spindlin'."

One day a summer boarder who chanced to be staying at a farmhouse near the Fifer homestead wandered over to the little brown farmhouse and sat down for a chat with Aunt Alvira. The visitor took note of the enormous quantity of stove wood piled up in the back yard and overflowing from the great woodshed. The whole yard was strewn with it. The caller estimated that there were not less than twenty-five cords.

"What an enormous quantity of wood you have!" he said to Aunt Fifer.

"Yes, there is considerable," she replied. "I cal'late on sellin' most o' it in the fall."

"Who cut it?"

"Oh, Ethan did it as sort o' knittin' work. I think it's a good thing for a man to have some kind o' knittin' work to do when he's restin', and that wood pile has been Ethan's knittin' work."

Poe's Smile of Genius.

His mouth was like Apollo's bow unbent and in the natural curve said sorrow, with imagination, but when wreathed into smiles by any cheering inflorescence of his soul, disclosing a set of ivory teeth as evenly set as the opal walls of Eden, was absolutely captivating and beautiful. So remarkably pleasing was this transition from sadness to sunshiny gladness of hilarity that I now seem to see him smiling before me, lighting up the dim vistas of my memory as the rain fraught lightning does the darkness of a summer night. But there was this peculiarity about his smile, which I do not remember ever to have seen in any other person—namely, that it did not appear to be the result of gladness of heart altogether or gladness mixed with sorrow, but a pleasing satire, a smiling review of all that had just been said by him, like the triumphant world renovating laughter of the weeping heavens, expressive of that beautiful Apollonian disdain which seemed to say, "What you 'see through a glass darkly' I behold through the couched eye of an illuminated seer." Not only did he look this, but he felt it—felt it with all his inmost soul. It was, in the truest acceptance of the term, a smile of genius.—"The Poe-Chivers Papers" in Century.

The Bite of the Sea Lion.

The bite of the sea lion is poisonous; besides, it is an ugly wound from the manner in which it is inflicted. Although the creature moves painfully and slowly on land, the motion of its head and neck is extremely quick. The neck seems to have an almost elastic quality. One is surprised at its reach. The sea lion is like a bulldog. When he has caught hold, he does not let go at once, but sets his teeth firmly in the flesh. Then he twists his head, the teeth being still embedded in the flesh, and, without relinquishing his grip, he gives a quick jerk. The result is to pull out a ragged piece of flesh if the animal has taken a deep hold.—Leslie's Weekly.

SMILE AS YOU GO.

Everybody Loves the Man With a Shining Countenance.

Brighter than the most brilliant of gems electrifying with a radiance that does not dazzle so much as it calls forth a reflection of brightness, is the shining countenance.

The soul of each man is a sun of infinite energy and glorious light. But how few allow themselves to shine! How few faces are lit up with their possible divine life!

Take your thoughts away from the swamps of fear and evil, center them on the ideals of faith and love, on good intentions for others, and your countenance is at once illuminated.

Look in a mirror, and you shall see that my words are true. Absolve yourself of all troubles, be peaceful, be still, cease all your repining; then your countenance will shine.

That such an instantaneous physical change can take place by a change of thought suggests what power there is in a renewed habit of thought, a habit created by repeated conscious reposeful efforts of calm, concentrated thinking in line with the ideal.

Not only is the countenance changed by a bright thought, but the whole body. The atoms are so many vortices of ether, and the central force of each is the mind.

A shining countenance is a smiling countenance. Look on life rightly, and you cannot but be pleased. Then you will smile, you will laugh with joy, because of life's possibilities.

You have perhaps desired to reach greater heights of power. You will reach them easier if you will but smile as you go.

There is every reason why the heart should be glad, and your love for others will show this so. This is the sunshine that expresses itself in your countenance. The mere fact of loving drives away fear and darkness. All false conceptions of duty, the conclusions of a biased reasoning, vanish at the appearance of love.

Every one loves the sunshiny days, and every one loves the man whose soul or individual sun shines through his face.

Such a man will be trusted wherever he is. He is an interpreter of life; he will intuitively grasp the meaning of things; he will be welcomed everywhere; he will recognize all and he will be recognized by all; he will be received as the Son of Man, a true exemplar of his race, a leader in the evolution of humanity; he will be an encouragement and an incentive to all.

A shining countenance is first of all an immediate phenomenon expressive of the proof of right thinking, and the same source of this illustration contains the potency of completely changing character, body, surroundings, of influencing the person, the community, the race, of issuing forth from its infinite, solar center great streams of life, giving out more vigor, raising the whole realm of existence to the higher plane.—Fred Burry.

Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Bushby.

"Arabella was always techy," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible risky combination of qualities.

"They kept having hitches all along, but come Christmas time Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice, and she said, 'You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper,' looking at him real coy.

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea. 'Twas because he's generous and not literal. He sent her a five pound box, poor, deluded critter, and she up and broke the engagement, and his little sister ate the candy and enjoyed it, by what I hear."—Youth's Companion.

A Business Asset.

Mr. Lane was a small man and far from strong. He admired strength in others above almost anything else, but he showed his admiration as he showed all his feelings—in a cautious way.

He was an expressman. Having called one day at a house for a heavy box of books, he was amazed to see the young athlete of the family, who was then enjoying a vacation from college, take up the box, after a pitying glance at him, and bear it out to the cart as if it had been a bag of feathers.

"I wish I had his strength," said the little expressman, with enthusiasm, to the young fellow's mother. "I would give 50 cents, ma'am, for such strength as your son's, and 'twould be well worth that to me in my business."

In a Critical Attitude.

Some people seem to be born in an unhappy frame of mind. They cannot admire excellency without making some comment on deficiencies. With them the "times are always out of joint." They are simply in a critical attitude, and nothing except grumbling will satisfy their morbid condition, says the Pittsburg Press. They remind one very strikingly of the old lady who, when she was asked how she felt, replied that she felt better, but that when she felt better she always felt worse, as she knew if she felt better she was going to have a worse spell again.

The Curate's Compliment.

In a west end church on a recent Sunday the junior curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. "Some people," he remarked, "come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes." Then he paused and glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you has come here for that reason."—London Telegraph.

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initialed by all my clerks! Oh, dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blatter.

Her Ideal

By JOHN GRIMES

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

Cynthia Parker had had ideals ever since she was old enough to read of Jack the Giant Killer. As she grew up she finally painted a Bayard in her own imagination. He was a tall, dark knight, who rode a coal black horse and had a clarion voice.

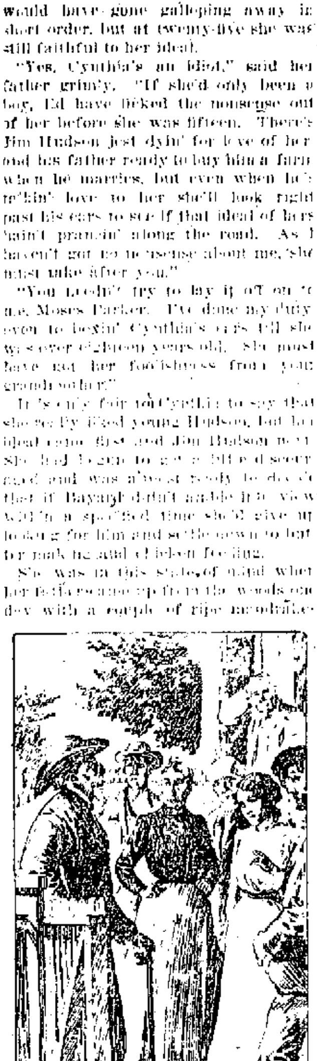
Cynthia had a very practical mother and a hard headed father, and when she was old enough to marry and began to turn down the young farmers who offered their love the old folks had much to say. They realized that hay was $16 a ton, butter 18 cents per pound and eggs in demand at 16 cents per dozen, and they couldn't make out why, in the face of these facts, Cynthia should have ideals. If she hadn't been very much in earnest, her Bayard would have gone galloping away in short order, but at twenty-five she was still faithful to her ideal.

"Yes, Cynthia's an idiot," said her father grimly. "If she'd only been a boy, I'd have licked the nonsense out of her before she was fifteen. There's Jim Hudson just dyin' for love of her and his father ready to buy him a farm when he marries, but even when he's talkin' love to her she'll look right past his ears to see if that ideal of hers ain't prancin' along the road. As I haven't got no nonsense about me, she must take after you."

"You needn't try to lay it off on to me, Moses Parker. I've done my duty even to boxin' Cynthia's ears till she was over eighteen years old. She must have got her foolishness from your grandmother."

It's only fair to Cynthia to say that she secretly liked young Hudson, but her ideal came first and Jim Hudson next. She had begun to give a little doubt heed and was almost ready to decide that if Bayard didn't amble into view within a specified time she'd give up looking for him and settle down to butter making and chicken feeding.

She was in this state of mind when her father came up from the woods one day with a couple of ripe mandrakes in his hand. A ripe, yellow mandrake is luscious fruit and the sight of it makes one's mouth water. There wasn't anything to detain Cynthia in the house that afternoon, and she took a basket and sallied forth for a stroll. The mandrakes were waiting to be pulled and eaten, and the girl had taken a seat on a log and got away with her sixth when a man suddenly rose up out of a brush heap near by. Cynthia screamed out in surprise, but a smile on the stranger's face reassured her. He was tall and dark like her ideal. He wasn't clad in velvet or purple or armor, and his war steed was not champing his bit near by, but the girl felt her heart bounding. He might be her Bayard in disguise.



OLD UNCLE ELI COGGSWELL CAME LIMPING THROUGH THE GATE.

It didn't take him ten minutes to satisfy her of this fact. He was a wronged and persecuted man, who had been obliged to fly from his enemies for the time being. Later on he would return to face and crush his calumniators. He was unkempt and unshorn, but those things didn't count against him. A chevalier flying for his life must keep hustling right along and look for a clean shirt only when the vengeful pursuers have abandoned the chase.

It never occurred to Cynthia to suspect the stranger of deceit. His story was rambling and disconnected, but he had her sympathies from the start, and when his tale was finished he had the offer of her help.

It was accepted with a knightly bow. He was in want of "grub," as he called it, to break his fast. This was a slip of the tongue. What he meant was viands. She returned to the house and fetched him viands, and she likewise handed over her little store of savings. He seemed disappointed at the sum total, and she felt ashamed of her poor offering. While he banqueted he made inquiries, and after his inquiries he lied some more. Cynthia's mother would have taken him for a sheep thief at the start and had him all tangled up in five minutes later, but the girl of ideals saw only a knight in distress before her.

The stranger was to rest in the wildwood for a couple of days and then he forth to fall upon his enemies by the flank. When he had avenged his wrongs, he was to return and lay his heart at her feet.

This was exactly as Cynthia had dreamed, and, though he was smoking plug tobacco as she retired from the scene, she even twisted that fact in his favor.

Next morning, after a night of dreams in which lords and dukes were to be counted by the dozen, the girl slipped out of the house with viands for her ideal's breakfast, but she hunted the greenwood in vain. Even the scent of the cut plug had departed from the sylvan glade.

Cynthia returned to the house to meet a sharp reproof from her mother for her gallivanting about so early in the morning, and she was wondering whether her ideal had fallen into the hands of his enemies when a constable arrived. He was on the trail of a jail breaker. Then a second constable showed up. He was on the trail of a horse thief. Then young Jim Hudson put in an appearance. He came with the news that a pair of horses had been taken from his father's barn the night before.

The jail breaker and the horse thief answered the exact description of her knight, and she had mentioned Farmer Hudson's horses as the best in the neighborhood. As the girl stood pale faced and trembling old Uncle Eli Coggswell came limping through the gate, exclaiming in his high treble voice:

"Hoss thieves, eh? Waal, now, but what was Cynthia Parker a-doin' in the woods yesterday? I was huntin' mandrakes, and I saw her with a feller who sartinly looked mean 'nuff to steal. Speak right up, gal."

The "gal" had to own up amid tears and reproaches and exclamations, and she got no pity except from Jim Hudson. He had more or less of her ideals, and there was a bit of romance in his own nature. When the mother vigorously declared that she had got to box Cynthia's ears, Jim stepped in to avert the catastrophe and offer his condolence at the same time.

Cynthia's knight was stopped twenty miles away by a suspicious sheriff and next day was consigned to a cell in the county jail, the one he had dug out of three days before. There wasn't much said by Farmer Parker or his wife until after the trial, but then the father sat down before Cynthia and asked:

"Well, young lady, now it's all over, what you goin' to do? Goin' to have any more of them ideals?"

"Yes," she quietly replied.

"What in tarnation is it?"

"Jim Hudson!" she said as she left the room with a very red face.

How He Won Her.

He studied palmistry and was looking for a chance to marry money. They sat in a corner behind a big bank of potted plants. One of her hands was in his. The little marks that time is so fond of distributing had begun to be visible around the corners of her eyes. She was still a pretty woman, however, and, notwithstanding the fact that she had buried one husband and divorced another, was inclined to believe that there might be a good, lively romance in her still. He bent low over the slim, soft hand. He noticed the splendid rings upon her fingers. He had heard of the fortune that was at her disposal. "I hate to tell you anything," he said, "that will be likely to make you feel uncomfortable, but shall I tell you what I really see?" "Yes," she said, drawing a quick breath. "Tell me everything." "It looks to me," he went on, "as if a great sorrow were in store for you. It will come along about the time you are twenty-seven years old." Two weeks later the gossips were asking one another how in the world she had become engaged upon such a short acquaintance. "Why, he can't be over thirty!" they declared, "and she's at least forty!"—Chicago Record.

To Keep Eggs Fresh.

According to the London Lancet, the change in an egg from a fresh to a stale condition is partly due to a loss of moisture and partly to a "disturbance of equilibrium caused by external agencies." This can be avoided and the eggs kept fresh, that scientific journal alleges, by simply coating the shell with grease as soon as it is laid and before it has time to cool. Eggs treated in this way, the Lancet declares, are so well preserved months after they are laid that they cannot be distinguished from ones newly presented by the hen. It is also declared that eggs can be kept fresh for six months by dipping them as soon as they are taken from the nest in a strong solution of silicate of soda, which stops up the pores of the shell and hermetically seals the egg. If an egg once gets cold, it is of no use to treat it after these recipes, for it will then be past preserving.

Marbles Support a State.

It is said that the making of marbles, so dear to the heart of the small boy, is the main support of the poor in the state of Thuringia, Germany. They gather small square stones and grind them in machines similar to coffee mills until they are rounded. "Commies," agates and "bullseyes" are made in that way.

Glass alleys with the varicolored streaks in them are blown by the glass blowers of Lauscha. They take bits of white, red and blue glass and blow them together into a twist.

A Dangerous Toy.

"My boy Sammy," said the neighbor, "worries me almost to death with his somnambulism."

"You ought to take it away from him," said Mrs. Lapsling. "He'll kill himself with it some day."—Chicago Tribune.

Developed a Negative.

Rita—Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?

Nita—He and Eleanor have just come out of the darkroom, where he had evidently developed a negative.—Princeton Tiger.

The Poor Rule.

Kwoter—Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, you know.

Jiggins—I say it's a poor rule that would work any way. If it wasn't poor, it wouldn't have to work.—Philadelphia Press.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of Picture Mouldings ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig, located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, Penna.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW Step into the Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900

$5,000.00 WORTH

Youths' & Men's Suits & Overcoats

REDUCED

from 20 to 30 per cent.

It is not "a go-up-like-a-rocket, come-down-like-a-stick" affair, but a great mercantile movement, like they have in larger cities. They need Room and **Cash.** So do we, and to accomplish this, we rather take cost and **less than cost,** Now, than carry the goods over until next season. Besides, we want you to do **as well here** as you can in cities. **It is up to you** now to compare prices with others and to come here and convince yourself that we have nothing but strictly **high grade Clothing at**

REMARKABLY LOW PRICES.

Any Suit or Overcoat in the house marked $ 6.50, $ 7.00 or $ 7.50 for $ 5.00.
Any Suit or Overcoat in the house marked 8.50, 9.00 or 10.00 for 7.50.
Any Suit or Overcoat in the house marked 10.50, 11.50 or 12.50 for 9.00.
Any Suit or Overcoat in the house marked 12.50, 13.00 or 13.50 for 10.00
Any Suit or Overcoat in the house marked 15.00, 16.50 or 17.50 for 12.50

30 per cent reduction on all Children's Suits and Overcoats Ages from three to fourteen years.

Regardless of Losses that may be entailed, we simply offer choice from our entire stock as above.

CENTRAL BLOCK. **WM. MONHEIMER.** SMETHPORT, PA.

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 29, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The small-pox scare has about died out in Mt. Jewett.

—The Free Press printing plant at Westfield, N. Y., was considerably damaged by fire one day last week.

—Miss Lois Young gave an enjoyable luncheon in honor of Miss Agnes McCoy at her home on West Main street Saturday afternoon.

—Little Merle Bisett has invited sixteen young friends to a sleighing party, followed by a chicken supper, at his grandfather's home.

—Miss Hallie Walker has been engaged to fill the position of stenographer in the office of the supreme court at a salary of $700 a year.

—Bert McAllister, ex-chief of the Bradford fire department, was awarded $318 for his horse, which has become famous through litigation.

—Mrs. Henry Hamlin went to Binghamton to attend a reception given by her daughter, Mrs. Robt. Rose, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Charles, last Saturday.

—The record of 247 held by T. H. Purtle was broken last Thursday afternoon by Harold Backus at the athletic club bowling alleys, he making a score of 258 pins.

—A. Lincoln Kirk, impersonator, exhibited his abilities before a good sized crowd at the M. E. church last Thursday evening. Mr. Kirk is not first-class in his art, although "it might have been worse," is the general verdict of those in attendance.

—Nellie Kingsley, a 13-year-old girl of Corning, N. Y., has admitted that she attempted to poison her foster parents in order to get possession of their property. The Kingsleys are well to do and have given her every advantage but she seems to possess the disposition of a degenerate.

—Mr. Frank Brooder, assistant treasurer of the Kane Bank & Trust Co., has resigned his position. Mr. Brooder entered the bank about fifteen years ago as messenger boy, and by strict attention to his duties worked his way up to his present place. We understand that he will go west.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan entertained the whist club last Thursday evening. After the required number of games were played elegant refreshments were served and then the guests danced a cotillion. It was what you might call a "judicial" affair for there were three judges present, J. W. Bouton, T. A. Morrison and John Ormerod.

—A loading chute and stock yard has been established at the lower end of the Shawmut line yards in Bolivar for the loading of cattle, sheep and other stock. It is expected that when the Shawmut line gets through trains running next summer that Bolivar will become quite an important shipping point for live stock and farm produce.—Breeze.

—The Hon. J. M. McElroy, assemblyman from McKean county, introduced a bill in the House recently, providing for an appropriation of $42,000 for hospital purposes in the city of Bradford. The bill provides for the appropriation of $30,000 to aid in the construction of a new hospital and $12,000 for the maintenance of a hospital for two years. Mr. McElroy is a member of the appropriations committee of the house.—Bradford Star.

—David Anthony, a bachelor 60 years of age, who resides about three miles from here, was found in a shed at ten o'clock last Tuesday morning frozen to death. He was seen about the streets of this place last night and appeared to be drinking quite heavily. When found this morning he was sitting in a shed opposite the shanty he called home. His horse, hitched to a cutter, was standing near the shed, having withstood the severity of the six-below-zero night.—Potter Enterprise.

—A hospital containing 36 small-pox patients was burned at Biddeford, Me., on Sunday last. The mercury was several degrees below zero and all of them suffered terribly from exposure. One man is expected to die. When the fire was discovered some of the patients seized mattresses and dragged them out on the snow far enough away from the the fire and huddled together upon them. Notwithstanding the dread of the disease, firemen and police went at the building with a will, but the hospital was burned to the ground. Both policemen and firemen gave up their outer garments to clothe the patients, who eventually were cared for in houses offered by the owners as temporary hospitals.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

A COOL FISHERMAN.

The Story of How He Landed a Great Big Beauty.

Row slowly now. A little nearer to the shore. There, that's right. Steady now. This eddy looks like a good place. The left oar; just a little. There, that's fine. Just by these lily pads a large one was caught the other day. Gee whiz. Did you see that? A strike, and he was a beauty, too; an eight pounder, I'll bet. Back water, quick, till I try him again. Steady, now. This is the place. I guess we've missed him. No, by Jove, there he was again! He's got it; he's got it! Turn her out into deep water. He's in the lily pads now and a goner sure! Thunderation, and he was a monster! Must have weighed at least ten pounds. No; there he is! He is still hooked, he is all right, he is free from the lilies, he is free! Steady now! Put the oars in the boat. See the pole. He bends it nearly double. And doesn't he make the reel sing? Now he has turned. He is coming toward us! Hand me that landing net! Quick, quick! He is going under the boat! He will snap the line! Holy smoke, there he goes! Grab the line, catch the line, I say! Have you got it? Keep it fast, now. Just a second. Steady, [illegible] There he goes himself [illegible] in the boat. We have him. He is [illegible] And isn't he a beauty! Isn't he a [illegible], a dandy, a crackerjack, a peach! He will go clear six pounds, if he weighs an ounce. Wasn't he live? Did you see him make that three foot leap out of the water? You didn't? Man, where were your eyes? Row in now, and we will weigh him. How much did you say? Four pounds and two ounces! Pshaw! That can't be right. Your scales are not accurate. Well, he's a beauty anyway. It took a full half hour to tire him out and land him. Three minutes, you say? Oh, you're mistaken! That can't possibly be. It was surely longer than that! He was a fighter to the last. Excited when I caught him? Naw, not a bit! Cool as a cucumber, just as I am now. He certainly is a beauty.—Forest and Stream.

THE OLD WOOD FIRE.

Putting the Big Backlog In Place Was Quite a Job.

After the evening chores were done my father would appear in the doorway with the big backlog coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself and fully breast high to him as he held it upright, canting it one way and another and walking it before him on its wedge shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the andirons hauled forward on the hearth and the bed of half burned brands and live coals raked open, the icy log was walked into the chimney, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming, in its lair of hot embers. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protesting made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator.

The stout shovel and tongs or perhaps a piece of firewood used as a lever would force it against the chimney back; then a good sized stick, called a "back stick," was laid on top of it, and the andirons were set in place. Across the andirons another good sized stick was laid, called a "fore stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands. In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them covered with embers at bedtime would be found alive when raked open in the morning.—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

Human Calendars.

In Siam every woman is a walking calendar. On Sunday red silk, with a parure of rubies, is worn; Monday brings a silver and white dress and a necklace of moonstones; Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated colors, with catseyes; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue, with flashing diamonds, and Saturday in more somber, darker blue, with sapphires to match.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Strange Ideas of Beauty.

Babies in [illegible] have the back of the head flattened artificially by their mothers, and, as a mark of beauty, their noses are depressed and a dimple formed on their chin. The head is flattened by making the child sleep with it on the bare soil or inside an earthenware pot. Each day the mother presses the nose with her fingers to make it long and pointed and indents the chin with a stem. In some cases the legs are straightened by means of bands. In America the Chinooks flatten the forehead.

His End.

She—Have you heard the news? Mr. Solomon is to marry again, the fourth time, I believe.

He—Yes, I've heard about it. Beats all how the rage for collecting will take hold of a man. Sometimes it's old books or playbills and sometimes it's postage stamps. In Mr. Solomon's case it appears to be wives.—Boston Transcript.

Quick Inference.

Judge [illegible] that the [illegible] and that [illegible] blessing.

[illegible] all that? [illegible]

The [illegible] In Arguing.

[illegible] with whom you [illegible] you don't understand [illegible] you think about [illegible]—Atchison Globe.

Weak People

It's not what we eat, but what we digest that makes strength.

The trouble with most weak people is, they can neither eat nor digest good food.

Such people can't work successfully. It takes fuel to make steam, and it takes food to make strength.

A young fellow came in the store the other day. He was white and thin. "I'm afraid I'll have to give up my job," said he. "I'm tired before the day is half gone. I seem to be losing strength all the time."

The clerk said: "Fred, I know something that will help you. It's Vinol. The boss has got hold of a way to prepare cod liver oil so it tastes all right. He calls it Vinol. There is iron in it, and it's just the stuff for fellows like you. It'll give you an appetite. It won't hurt you anyway. Lots of folks round here are taking it, and they tell their friends, and they come and get it. If it don't help you, come back and get your money."

We endorse what the clerk said. We wouldn't have put time, money and reputation into Vinol, if we hadn't known it was different from the general run of medicines. About ninety-eight out of one hundred run down people, weak mothers, pale children, and old people find it helps them.

J. W. VOORHEES,
DRUGGIST.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

---

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,
Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,
Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very rsasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,
Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold.

Yours to please,

Hagberg & Sherburne,
Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

[illegible] EVERY THURSDAY [illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES:

[illegible]

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 29, 1903

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has borrowed $35,000,000 from New York banks to make improvements on its various lines of roads.

No sign of a reduction in the price of coal has come, although the duty has been removed for several days. No material reduction will take place on this account at all. However, a further advance in prices has been headed off, and even for this relief the country gives thanks.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ACCORDING to the press dispatches it is feared by the friends of the deceased Editor Gonzales, that his murderer, James Tillman, cannot be convicted of his dastardly crime under the existing court and jury system of South Carolina. The moral conditions of that state must be terrible if Tillman can be acquitted of this crime.

ANOTHER vacancy exists in the Pennsylvania Superior Court. Judge Wm D. Porter has handed down his resignation, to take effect at the close of this month. Judge Porter was elected in 1898 and therefore had six years more to serve. The reason for the resignation is supposed to be the inadequacy of the salary attached to the position.

A DISPATCH from Vienna says: "The Wiener Zeitung sees in the signing by the United States of the Panama Canal treaty [illegible] of England, Germany and all other European powers. The paper adds: 'America will soon be the predominant world's power. Europe will smart under the standard of American tyranny. The Kaiser will perhaps become the vassal of the American republic.'"

[illegible] St. James [illegible] Fifth St. James. [illegible]

Washington Letter

[illegible]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1903.

[illegible] statehood bill shall not pass even though a special session of Congress is necessitated by the methods we are compelled to adopt to defeat it," said Senator Hanna, when an inquiry was put to him and the remarks of the two men illustrate the present situation in the Senate. Under the rules of the Senate it is impossible to secure a vote on any measure as long as anyone desires to debate the question. Senator Quay has, by a test vote, demonstrated that seventeen Republicans and practically all the Democrats will vote for Statehood. This has placed the opposition, which includes the men recognized as leaders of the Republican party, in the position of filibusterers attempting to talk to death a measure favored by the majority of the Senate and they accept the charge and assert their intention of continuing to filibuster and their belief that they are warranted in so doing.

Senator Hansbrough, who is an ardent advocate of statehood, said to-day, "The Republicans who support the Statehood bill are acting in accordance with their belief. They feel bound by the pledge of the party platform and reasons, which are convincing to everyone who will take the trouble to investigate them that statehood should be granted to the territories. It is the opposition that is filibustering and preventing other legislation. We are ready for a vote at any moment and a vote would dispose of the measure in accordance with the will of the majority. The attempt of the leaders is contrary to the principles of government. They are endeavoring to make the minority rule. Every Republican who favors statehood feels that he has good company. Sixteen other Republicans think and feel as he does. There is no anti-trust bill before the Senate now. When there is it will become the certain duty of the leaders to permit a vote on the Statehood bill."

The Administration anti-trust bill is now before the House. It has been carefully framed by the members of the sub-committee and the Attorney General and is drawn upon lines dictated by the experience of the latter who has found the Sherman law deficient and has framed the present measure to supply its deficiencies. The proposed law is drastic and contains no provision capable of inflicting the slightest injury on any corporation doing a legitimate business. It merely prohibits those discriminations which have, in the past, served to build up huge monopolies and provides the Government with the means for enforcing the law. It is the ardent hope of the President that the bill may become a law [illegible] "The bill will pass the House at an early date and [illegible] without opposition from the Democrats."

According to present intentions, the Elkins anti-trust bill which embodies one of the Attorney General's recommendations that rebates and concessions of all kinds on transportation charges be prohibited, will be reported to the Senate to-day. It is said by prominent Senators that the Elkins bill will probably pass. The Immigration bill is being pushed in the Senate and Senator Fairbanks, who has the measure in charge, is confident that he will secure its passage.

The utmost gratification is expressed by the friends of the isthmian canal at the conclusion of a treaty with Colombia on terms generally regarded as most favorable to the United States. While the price to be paid, $10,000,000 cash and an annuity of $250,000 beginning five years after the ratification of the treaty, is a generous one from the standpoint of Colombia there is every reason to believe that this country will be amply compensated once the canal is in operation. The treaty was read to the Senate in secret session on Friday and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Several of the most influential members of the Senate told your correspondent that they were certain the treaty would be ratified in its present form at this session of Congress. The only element of doubt remaining is the Colombian Congress both houses of which will have to vote on the convention."

While Colombia technically observes the provision of her constitution, which forbids her to part with any portion of her territory, she leases to this country for a period of one hundred years the desired zone of land with privilege of renewing the lease for a like period and the same rental, [illegible]. During the construction of the canal [illegible] law is to prevail. After that arrangements are to be made for policing the [illegible] by a joint high commission. At the end of sixty years the entire property of the [illegible] Company will revert to the United States. The treaty is generally regarded as another triumph for the diplomacy of Secretary Hay.

The action of Germany in persistently bombarding [illegible] Venezuela, is [illegible] Senators. A number of the latter have been interviewed by your correspondent [illegible] the situation [illegible] Scott was [illegible] Germany has [illegible] said, "The situation [illegible] and suggests grave [illegible] the absence of [illegible] the fact [illegible] judgment [illegible] Germany's intentions." Senator Dryden maintains his confidence in Germany's integrity and said, "I do not believe that Germany has ulterior motives in her action against Venezuela."

Subscribe for the MINER.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS [illegible] have been [illegible] in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1903:

First and final account of William Coonan, guardian of Frank Signorelli, minor child of Salvator Signorelli, deceased.

Final account of Victor Johnson, administrator of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of G. A. Johnson, administrator of the estate of Frank Oscar [illegible], deceased.

First and partial account of Edward Kelley, executor of the last will and testament of Mary Kelley, deceased.

First and partial account of Sheridan Gorton, ancillary administrator of the estate of Henry Morse, deceased.

First and final account of H. S. Rogers, administrator of the estate of John W. Cook, deceased.

First and final account of Gail Cohen, administratrix of the estate of Lewis H. Cohen, deceased.

First and final account of H. T. Lincoln, administrator of the estate of A. T. Godfrey, deceased.

First and final account of Emma E. Malone, administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Hart, deceased.

First and final account of Daniel W. Henly administrator of the estate of William Devine, deceased.

First and final account of James Bray, administrator of the estate of W. A. Young, deceased.

First and final account of James Spinin, administrator of the estate of Catherine Ehnien, deceased.

First and final account of Enos B. Sage, administrator of the estate of William D. McBride, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., January 24, 1903.

YOUNG PEOPLE

Should have a savings account. Start them right. A dollar will do to begin. That first dollar backed by a determination to keep at it will win them independence. You can bank by mail.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.
Boys and girls mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving; also an unique Pocket Piece.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DON'T LISTEN

To what people say when they would discourage your hope of exchanging woman's weakness and sickness for perfect health. Women who have been invalids for years, scarcely able to be up half the time and the other half of their time spent in bed, have been made healthy, hearty women by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the womanly diseases which undermine the strength. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"With pleasure I send a few lines to let you know that I feel much better than for eight years before taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. Pierce Geiar, of 822 West Philadelphia Street, York, Penn'a. "Will recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to every person who may inquire as to what it has done for me. I was troubled with female weakness and began to think I would never be well. If I had continued the treatment prescribed by my doctor I don't know what would have become of me. When your treatment was commenced my weight was 108 lbs.; at present it is 130. Have healthy color and my friends say I look well. My best thanks to you and my best wishes too, for what you have done for me."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

We Have.

But One Kind

of Flour, that is the satisfactory kind, called F. S. You all know how good it is. Only

$1.25

per sack. Your money back if not as good or better than you are using.

Nice sweet oranges and nice sour lemons.

Chase & Sanborn's

celebrated Mocha and Java coffee can only be purchased here. Don't take any substitute.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Blankets and Robes

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of William A. Green, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, there will be exposed at public sale at the residence of [illegible] Green, in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., situate on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the 17th day of February, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following messuage and tract of land.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a point in the public highway leading from Smethport to East Smethport; being 20.2 rods more or less east from the eastern end of the bridge over Potato creek on said highway, and being the northeast corner of lands of Angeline Schoonmaker; thence south 18¼ degrees west by the east line of Angeline Schoonmaker's lot, 28 rods more or less to the right of way of the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua railroad; thence easterly along said right of way 3 rods; thence northerly parallel with the east line of Angeline Schoonmaker's lot 28 rods more or less to the public highway aforesaid; thence westerly along said highway 3 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 21-40 of an acre of land be the same more or less, subject however to the lease-hold rights of the Smethport Extract Company for right of way for railroad purposes across said land, said rights being now enjoyed by said company under and by virtue of a lease from H. L. McCoy. Being the same premises conveyed by Henry L. McCoy and wife to William A. Green, by deed dated November 28th, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book 102, page 301.

Improved and having thereon a one two story frame house, with out buildings, a well of water and a good frame barn.

Terms of sale. One-third of the purchase price down and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

GEORGE H. DENNING,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

Assignee's Notice.

In the matter of the assignment of J. C. McKay and J. W. Horrobin to J. F. Davis, for the benefit of creditors.	In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa. No 191. June Term, 1902.

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED—J. F. Davis, Assignee of J. C. McKay and J. W. Horrobin for the benefit of creditors, has filed his account of trust as such assignee, and the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas for allowance, at a session of said Court to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, February 23d, 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., and the same will then be allowed and confirmed absolutely unless cause be shown why the same should not be allowed.

SAMUEL E. BELL, Prothonotary.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1903.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.

Office over D. C. Young's store.

Bell 'phone at house and store.

Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

Is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"
and
Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

In the Different Walks of Life.

our footwear is giving satisfaction. All classes, all ages and both sexes wear our

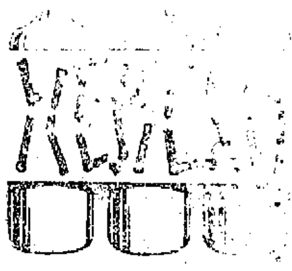
Douglas and Kelley Shoes,

with comfort and satisfaction.

All the shoes are made of leather of excellent grade and by the most approved method. They are stylish, perfect fitting, strong and durable.

PRICES:
Douglas for men, $3 and $3.50,
Kelley for ladies, $2 to $4.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.



Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

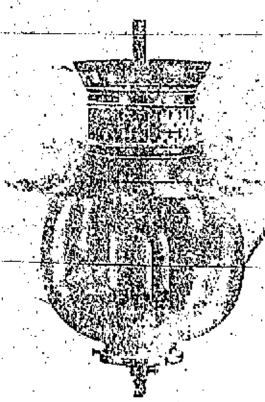
is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS

While there's lots of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS

REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go rapidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns
FOR
Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains. Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

ELLET'S DARING GUNBOAT RAID

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

February 14-18, 1863

[Copyright 1903 by G. L. Kilmer.]

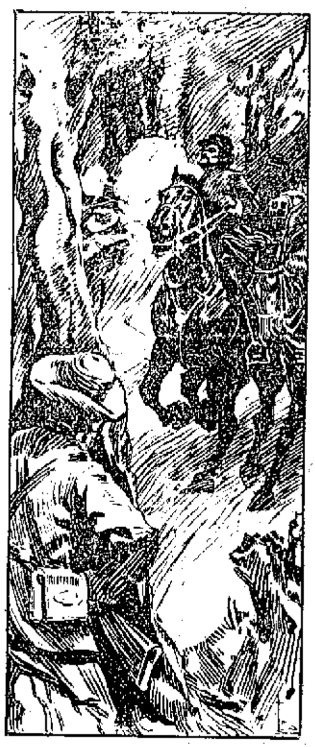
JAN. 30, 1863, was the date of a spirited encounter off the beaten track of war between General Roger A. Pryor's Confederate brigade and Corcoran's Irish legion. The scene was near Suffolk, in southeastern Virginia, a region never before disturbed by anything more serious than chance collisions between scouts and pickets.

The gallant Corcoran had just reached the front in search of new fighting adventures after his narrow escape from death as a hostage in Libby prison. The fame of his exploits at the head of the old Sixty-ninth at the first battle of Bull Run and his noble bearing under sentence of the gallows had called to his standard a new legion of his countrymen, among others a militia regiment bearing the number of the volunteer Sixty-ninth.

The war had spared Suffolk because the destruction of the Merrimac and the activity of the Federal fleet upon the adjacent waters gave it into control of the north, and the south didn't think it worth the cost of a battle. Suffolk is on the navigable Nansemond and close to the fertile lands of Virginia and Carolina coast counties. As provisions grew scarce in the Confederate camps the harvest fields near Suffolk tempted the foragers far beyond their lines of safety.

When McClellan's army was withdrawn from the peninsula in 1862, the division of General John J. Peck was sent to Suffolk to garrison the town and port and also to guard the rich granaries against forays by the hungering Confederates. The pick of the spoil lay within the Federal cavalry picket line, and every attempt of the enemy to make a rich haul was announced at General Peck's headquarters by alert scouts.

On Jan. 29 word reached General Peck that General Roger A. Pryor's brigade of infantry and twelve guns had crossed the Blackwater river with an empty wagon train and was encamped around Kelly's store, fourteen miles from Suffolk. The empty wagons indicated that the Confederates were on a foraging expedition.



A VOLLEY FROM AMBUSH.

After verifying the news by means of fleet cavalry scouts and couriers Peck organized a force of 4,800 men, including cavalry and artillery, and placed Corcoran in command. Corcoran marched from Suffolk shortly after midnight, and a rapid advance of two hours brought his cavalry into collision with the enemy's pickets. The Confederates retired upon the main line of battle, and by the light of the enemy's campfires Corcoran posted his guns and prepared for immediate attack.

Pryor's camp was well laid for defense. The road from Suffolk crossed a swamp near the store, which stood in an open space surrounded by a thick pine forest reaching to the road where it pressed the swamp. Two Confederate regiments were posted in the woods to meet the Federal advance, and the artillery took position to sweep the field between the swamp and the store. Cavalry pickets were stationed at every path and lane, and the roadway across the swamp was also guarded by troops. To forestall a surprise Pryor sent 100 sharpshooters out along the road beyond the swamp to lie in hiding and greet the Federal advance.

Corcoran put his column in motion for a speedy attack soon after 3 o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark. The cavalry in front struck the ambush of sharpshooters and was received with a volley which emptied many saddles. The troopers rallied and dashed ahead, meeting another hail of bullets. Undaunted by the stealthy fire the cavalry pushed forward, driving the sharpshooters back across the swamp to a second ambush. At this point Corcoran's men received a deadly fire at ten paces and came to a halt.

While the cavalry struggled through the swamp Corcoran directed his artillery to toss some shells upon the Confederate rear. A battery of six guns opened the ball and, being sharply answered immediately by several pieces on the other side of the swamp, were joined by six more, making twelve in all. Pryor also had twelve guns in position on the edge of the field close to the swamp and around Kelly's store. By 4 o'clock all the guns were furiously engaged and kept it up for two hours without cessation. Shells tore through the pine trees lining the roadway and field and searched the swamp on both sides of the road.

At 5 o'clock Corcoran ordered his leading regiment to charge the enemy's gun in the roadway beyond the swamp. The colonel of this regiment had been mortally wounded, and the lieutenant colonel and major had both been unhorsed and disabled by Confederate shells. The adjutant attempted to rally the command and lead it into action, but the men became confused and blocked the roadway across the swamp. It was necessary to lead the regiment back to the rear in order to restore their confidence, and this delayed the advance of the next line following until 6 o'clock.

The Confederates having had time to prepare for the attack, Corcoran decided to reconnoiter his position before risking too much. He sent forward the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, which was three times charged upon while making its way through the swamp and woods. The New Yorkers ran upon Pryor's guns, posted to sweep the open field and the road where it led out of the swamp. The reconnoissance warned Corcoran that it would involve useless slaughter to attempt a charge upon artillery by troops moving in column, or to halt them for formation under fire.

Meanwhile Corcoran's scouting cavalry had discovered another road leading to the enemy's right flank. A squadron of troopers at once marched forward on the new road, which also crossed the swamp, but on emerging into the open ground was received with a shower of case shot from a battery on the opposite side of the field. General Pryor had disposed his force to cover the approaches by both roads. The cavalry had a howitzer in the outing, but it was silenced after firing three shots by the superior artillery of the Confederates.

On learning the result of the cavalry advance against the Confederate flank General Corcoran determined to try once more the direct attack in front. But it was nearing the hour of noon and his troops had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and a wise general knows the folly of expecting a good fight with men whose stomachs are empty. Besides, the artillery had used up all its ammunition in the long duel of the morning. A repulse of the infantry without guns to fire upon the enemy should they return the charge would mean the destruction of the whole command. Corcoran decided to wait for more ammunition and give his men a chance to take food.

At 12 o'clock all was ready for the advance, but the enemy offered no opposition to the crossing of the swamp. In fact, the movement of Corcoran's cavalry upon Pryor's flank had changed the whole battle. In order to meet the cavalry on his flank Pryor had withdrawn the infantry and batteries from the road first attacked and moved it around to the new point of danger. The cavalry was quickly repulsed and retired through the swamp. At this juncture General Pryor learned that his artillery had used up all its ammunition and the column was not prepared to cope with odds, especially when he had no cavalry and his batteries were a hindrance rather than a help. He reluctantly ordered a retreat to the Blackwater, leaving the battlefield to his foe.

Corcoran pushed the pursuit with his usual dash, and his infantry advance caught up with the Confederate rear guard at the crossing of a creek a few miles from the field. Placing guns in position Corcoran shelled the opposite bank with a few rounds, then sent Colonel Spear's Pennsylvania troopers over the bridge at a gallop. The Confederates had left the scene, and in a ride of two miles Spear saw nothing of the men in gray.

For a small affair the execution of the artillery at Deserted House, or Kelly's Store, as the battle is variously named, was remarkable. All the firing was done in the night, with only the flashes to guide the gunners. The first Federal shell killed Colonel Thomas Poague of the Fiftieth Virginia. Two Virginia captains also were killed by shell fire. The ground lately occupied by the Confederate batteries was strewn with dead soldiers, horses, broken rammers, sponges, knapsacks and cartridge boxes. General Pryor carried away all the wounded who fell in the open, but many of his soldiers struck down in the swamp were left to their fate.

The fire of Pryor's guns was also deadly. Corcoran lost two officers and twenty-one killed, eight officers and 100 men wounded, chiefly from shell fire. In the two batteries engaged twenty-six men were killed or wounded.

Pryor's attempt and failure led to a more formidable expedition some weeks later under General Longstreet. The object was the same—to secure the rich supplies lying between the Blackwater and the Nansemond.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

10c. 25c. 50c. BEST FOR THE BOWELS All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

FOUNDED ON A ROCK.

The Pueblo of the Acoma Indians In New Mexico.

A traveler from New Mexico was telling the other night of the wonders of that country.

"You have all heard the advice about building on a rock, I suppose," said he. "Well, to see that injunction carried out to the letter you should visit the Acoma Indians. Their pueblo is built on a mesa rising 300 feet from a comparatively level stretch.

"They tell a funny story about how they came to land on the top of such a huge rock. It seems that they were formerly located on another rock, and one day when they were all out working along came a great rainstorm and wiped off the map the only path leading up to their rock city. Well, there was nothing for it but to hunt up another rock, and they took a life lease of their present location.

"It's a picturesque place when one gets up there. The houses are built of adobe, and one has to get out of doors to get upstairs. You see, they have a ladder up which they climb to get into the second story.

"They have ways of their own of cooking. They grind their flour in a trough with stones. They grind the wheat as a woman washes clothes and spread it to dry on an old shawl. That part of it may look simple, but I tell you it takes some skill to spread a thin batter over a redhot soapstone as they do when baking. When it is done, they take hold of one corner and lift it off as one would a porous plaster.

"But those people are past masters in the art of making pottery. They have been at it for years and turn out some beautifully colored water jars, bowls and such things. Altogether they are a picturesque people, and a visit to them is well worth the climb up to their rocky home if one happens to be in that part of the country."—New York Tribune.

CONSENT EASILY WON.

The Reason a Little Girl Agreed to a Painful Operation.

There is one little girl in Washington who recently gave her parents an exhibition of her nature for which they were totally unprepared. The child was cross eyed, and her affliction was a source of extreme annoyance to herself and family. An oculist was consulted, who advised an operation to remedy the defect, and so it was decided to take the little one to a hospital in Baltimore. The utmost secrecy was observed in the matter. Miss Annie had once made a great fuss about having a tooth pulled, and, of course, it was to be expected that she would enter serious objections to an operation on her eyes, says the Washington Post.

She was taken to Baltimore under the impression that she was going on a pleasure trip with her father and mother. When they arrived at the hospital, the doctor took her [illegible] his lap and nervously broached the real object of the trip. She set forth in all its triple horror the embarrassment which is the lot of the cross eyed person, stating that the trouble would increase as she grew older.

"Now, Annie," she said finally, "we have brought you over here to have your eyes straightened. It won't hurt you at all. Wouldn't you like to have your eyes like other people's?"

"You just bet I would," exclaimed Annie, to the astonishment of the others. "You can go ahead and do anything you want, and I don't care how much it hurts. I'm just sick and tired of having a pack of colored boys spit into their hats and cross their fingers every time they meet me."

The operation was performed forthwith, and the young lady has as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Washington.

Discretion.

Two burglars broke into the house of a merchant who was generally considered to be very rich. After herculean efforts they managed to open the safe, but who can describe their disappointment when they found that it was empty and all their labor in vain? At that moment the master of the house, awakened by the noise, appeared on the scene. For a moment all three stood there as if turned into stone. The merchant was the first to come to himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let us all maintain a discreet silence over this accident. And now permit me to show you the door."—From the German.

He Was Prompt.

"I once knew a newly appointed minister," said a well known congressman in discussing the foreign service the other day, "who took eight months to reach his post on account of 'numerous social engagements en route,' as he explained. He arrived at his legation at 9 o'clock one morning and at 2 in the afternoon cabled for an increase of salary."

Just What She Wanted.

"There are some spectacles," remarked the man who had traveled, "that can never be forgotten."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the absentminded old lady. "I wish I had a pair of 'em!"—Chicago News.

Here "at Home Day."

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

"That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an 'at home day' for."—Moonshine.

Formosa is a country where a man must have a license before he is allowed to smoke opium.

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice.—Swift.

F. W. CROWLEY,

Fine Tailoring,

ELDRED, PA.

Our facilities are unexcelled

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MENU OF THE TURKS

DISHES THAT COULD BE ADOPTED BY AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES.

Viands That Are at Once Appetizing, Nutritious and Inexpensive—Popularity of Vegetables and Sweets. The National Dish.

Some of the dishes found on Turkish tables might well be adopted by the American housewife, being appetizing and inexpensive and easily prepared from articles that are to be found here in great abundance.

Turks do not care for salads, but prefer meat, fish, vegetables and sweet dishes. The Bosporus furnishes a great variety of excellent fish, among them the red mullet, oysters and mussels, but the Turks have no idea of the choice of cuts and simply ask for so many okas, caring nothing so that they get meaty pieces with few bones. Corned beef, roast beef, steak — these are unknown. Mutton, beef, a little veal, fowls and game are eaten. Pork is "the unutterable flesh."

Breakfast with the Turks of all classes consists of a cup of coffee and bread. A piece of cheese rolled into the fat pancake is eaten by the laborers. This is sometimes exchanged for cakes that are much like pretzels, only larger and not so hard. In the fruit season different kinds of fruit are added. Black bread made of unboiled rye flour is sold everywhere and when fresh is delicious. With a few grapes, a piece of the native cheese and a cup of coffee the richest man is satisfied.

With all fish, lobsters and many meats a sort of salad dressing is served made of garlic, oil, breadcrumbs and vinegar, all bruised to a cream, with caviare or cucumber. Mussels are much larger than in this country. They are washed, steamed until they open, then filled with rice, chopped onion and pepper and butter, packed closely in a vessel and baked an hour.

Turks make few soups, as they prefer solid food, but sardines, anchovies and salted olives or pistachio nuts are eaten before meals as appetizers. Of vegetables, which enter largely into their diet, the favorite is the tomato, and scarcely any dish is considered complete without it, though they never eat this vegetable raw. To preserve tomatoes for winter use they 'boil' them until the skins are loose, then pass them through colanders, after which they throw salt into the pulp. This causes it to settle, and the water is poured off while the residue is put into thin bags and hung in the shade. The next day it is spread on flat surfaces to dry. After it is cut into squares and laid in covered jars. This process retains the taste and qualities of the tomato better than canning, and a little water makes the [illegible] again.

Potatoes, a taste for which is an acquired one with the Turk, are first boiled, mashed with eggs and a little flour, then made into cakes and fried. Beans and lima beans are boiled with tomatoes and butter and sometimes carrots. Squash is sliced and fried or stuffed with mincemeat, onions and boiled rice and then baked. Large cucumbers are also stuffed with minced meats and baked or are eaten raw with salt. One good stew is made of mutton and green peas. Another has all sorts of vegetables, like an Irish stew.

Eggplant is cooked in many ways, some of them palatable and good. One recipe is called Imanbaildi, which means that the imam for whom the dish first was made fainted with delight at its excellence. To make it, cut slits in the sides of the eggplant and insert a forcemeat of onion and minced chicken in the cavities. Tie strips of cloth around and fry thoroughly in boiling fat. Another way is to substitute eggplant for potato in a stew. Tomatoes should also be added.

Moussaka, another and better form, calls for one large eggplant, sliced rather thick, without peeling. Have a quart of tomatoes freshly peeled or canned and one pound of minced beef. Fry the beef until it separates, set aside while the eggplant is being fried, then put alternate layers of meat, eggplant and tomatoes in a deep dish; season and bake in a slow oven one hour.

Another delicious dish results from placing sliced onions, tomatoes and ship's bread or soda biscuit in layers, with a generous piece of butter, in a covered dish. Bake slowly four hours.

Pilaf, the national dish of Turkey, is served invariably at every dinner. Rice always forms the foundation, and the most popular variety is that where nothing but butter, tomatoes and rice is used. Take three-quarters of a pound of Carolina or Egyptian rice, wash until perfectly clean and while still wet place in a pan with one-quarter of a pound of butter. Stir over the fire until the rice has absorbed the butter and become a light golden color. Add the rice to three pints of strained tomato juice, boil the whole up once, then draw aside to cook, without stirring, for twenty-five minutes. When done, melt another quarter of a pound of butter, and when the pilaf is dished up pour it over the top. Each kernel should be separate. The color will be a rich light brown.

Yalanje-dolma is a popular dish with foreigners as well as Turks. Scald some fresh green grape leaves. Take a half pound of rice and fry in butter as for pilaf. Mince some onion and parsley very fine and add them to the rice with salt and pepper. Stuff each leaf with the mixture, fastening the little bundles with cloves. Lay them in a kettle, the opening downward, keep them in place and just enough water to keep them from burning. Simmer for three-quarters of an hour.—New York Tribune.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident

written by

W. F. SPECHT,

SMETHPORT, PA.

good reliable [illegible]

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.

Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.

State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.

Auditor General—[illegible] G. McCauley.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.

State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.

Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.

District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.

Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.

Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Bell, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.

County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.

Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.

Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.

Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broader.

Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. L. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.

Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.

County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.

Council—James A. McKean, president, Mrs. L. Colegrove, secretary; W. F. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.

Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.

Constable—C. N. Bates.

High Constable—Andrew Ness.

School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.

Collector—Carl Sasse.

Assessor—J. A. Holder.

Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.

Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.

Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. [illegible], N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.

F. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.

MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 180, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keons Hall.

Z. P. GIFFORD, M. W.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 0, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, COM.

LIZZIE E. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at W. C. T. U. Hall, Back at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.

THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in M. E. Chapel.

MRS. NELLIE E. BEYER, Pres't.

MRS MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.

MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.

MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 4:30 p. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.

*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..............10:59 a. m.

Train 126, week days.............. 7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..............9:14 a. m.

Train 123, week days..............2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until [illegible] a. m.

10:[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:33 a. m Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 42	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 1[illegible]	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11 48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3 50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2 20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan 9, 1901

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:10 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, [illegible], Baltimore, Washington and [illegible].

Trains arrive at Smethport at [illegible] a. m., 5:10 p. m. and [illegible] p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and [illegible] address B. A. Culbertson, [illegible], Smethport.

A. R. CAMPBELL,
Gen. Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule

Effective June 23, 1902

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m	p.m	a.m		a.m	[illegible]	p.m
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8.00	[illegible]	[illegible]
5.21	1.50	8.21	Hazelhurst	[illegible]	11.30	[illegible]
5.29	2.15	8.37	Marvindale	[illegible]	[illegible]	4.10
5.32	2.16	8.40	Kasson	7.21	[illegible]	4.13
5.37	2.17	8.42	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4.08
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6.18	2.43	9.27	[illegible] Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	2.49	9.34	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6.31	2.55	9.40	Larabee	6.50	[illegible]	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P M	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.
[illegible]	11.30		Clermont	[illegible]	8.35
[illegible]	11.52		Wellendorf	[illegible]	8.1[illegible]
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	[illegible]	8.04
8.22	12.16		North Fork	[illegible]	7.58
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	[illegible]	7.4[illegible]
		AM			PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.[illegible]	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.27	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.13		St. Marys	6.05	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
St. Marys, Pa.

C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.20	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.42	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.36	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.21
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.52	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.53	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Model Restaurant.

Warm Meals and Quick Lunches at all hours.

We serve to please the people with the best the market affords.

Cigars, Tobacco,

Candies & Ice Cream.

Oysters in season.

Give us a call.

N. M. Harrington.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C.A.SNOW & CO.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON D. C.

NEXT of KIN

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

August Werner was hammering stolidly away at his pigpen when a small figure appeared in the barn door. The young farmer at once suspended operations, for it was an occasion when Aunt Happy braved her fear of the cattle pens. She held a letter in her hand.

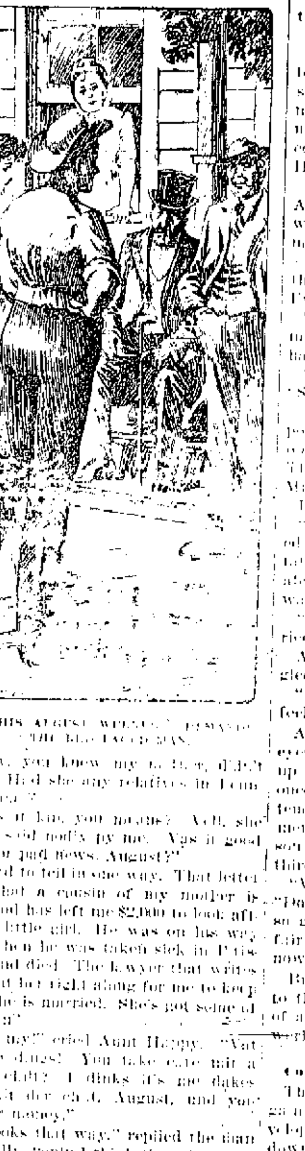
"Der carrier blew der horn, und here vas a new kind of letter py you, August."

"Let's see, Aunt Happy—'A. Werner, Abbeyville, Mercer county.' That looks like me. It's from Pittsburg, Pa. Well, I do not know any one there."

He tore open the end and took out a typewritten sheet of paper. As he glanced through it he got red in the face.

"Vill der anything wrong pe?" queried the small woman.

"Nothing wrong, but something I don't at all understand. Say, Aunt Happy, you knew my mother, didn't you? Had she any relatives in Pennsylvania?"



"IS THIS AUGUST WERNER?" DEMANDED THE RED FACED MAN.

"Vas it kin, you means? Vell, she neffer said nodding py me. Vas it good news or pad news, August?"

"Hard to tell in one way. That letter says that a cousin of my mother is dead and has left me $2,000 to look after his little girl. He was on his way here when he was taken sick in Pittsburg and died. The lawyer that writes has sent her right along for me to keep until she is married. She's got some of her own."

"My, my!" cried Aunt Happy. "Vat strange dings! You take care mit a young chilt? I dinks it's me dakes care mit der chilt, August, und you gits der money."

"It looks that way," replied the man cheerfully, "only I think there is a mistake. There's one thing certain, and that is she will be in Abbeyville on the afternoon train, and I have to go in and bring her out here."

"I puts a ped in my rooms," promptly replied Aunt Happy, "und it vill make much difference in der house, August. You vas getting too much to stay in der house und py me. Der chilt must pe made ferry happy mit der fairs und der circus und der picnics."

It is hard to tell what August's feelings were as he drove along the country road; at least the money would pay off the remainder of his mortgage and buy the coveted ten acres that cut into his land so badly. Again he realized that he had been a lonely man and that a child would lighten his life.

The eastern train was later than he thought, and partly to pass the time August got shaved and made some purchases he afterward regarded as providential. Several passengers alighted, but no small girl. In a tremor of anxiety August ran along to the conductor.

"There was a small girl to come on this train from Pittsburg," he said breathlessly.

The conductor grinned.

"From Pittsburg? We had a passenger, but she was a pretty big girl. There she is over there. All aboard!"

August stared down the platform and beheld a young lady, elegantly dressed to his simple mind and carrying a guitar case. He walked toward her in confusion.

"My name is Werner," he began diffidently. "I am looking for a girl"—

She smiled back timidly.

"Then you are my cousin—all the cousin I have. We were on the way here when papa was taken ill."

August turned away from her face of grief and tried to speak gruffly.

"I'll send for your trunks. We will ride right out, and my housekeeper, Aunt Happy, will make you comfortable."

In this confounding situation Aunt Happy was his tower of refuge. Her face was a study as she helped him carry in the stranger's bundles, but she never wavered.

"I hopes it vas ferry vell you vas," she said, beaming as usual.

Gertrude Hazleton felt like a weary mariner who has reached a home port.

"My father played in an orchestra all over the country," she said. "Sometimes I went along, sometimes I went to schools. I never had a home. I want to stay here with you and Aunt Happy until you are tired of me."

"It vill pe us a ferry good thing pe," said Aunt Happy, and so it was settled.

August Werner wrote to the lawyer and told him of the situation. Three months passed, and Gertrude Hazleton was another creature, plump, care free and happy. The roses bloomed, and in the summer evenings she sang little songs to the tinkle of the guitar.

One hot July morning a buggy drove to the front gate. From it descended a pompous individual and a red faced, middle aged man of unattractive appearance. They were met by Aunt Happy.

"Is Mr. August Werner here? Does a Miss Hazleton stay here?"

"O ja," smiled Aunt Happy.

"We want to see them," said the pompous man, sitting down to mop his brow.

Aunt Happy seized a bell rope and by a vigorous pull startled the pigeons from the vine wreathed little cupola above. Then up the lane from the orchard came the blond August side by side with the darker Gertrude. It was a pretty picture.

"Is this August Werner?" demanded the red faced man.

"It is," returned the young farmer.

"Well, my name is Werner, too. Albert Werner. I live in Crosby township, and you got a letter meant for me last spring. This young woman is my niece, the daughter of my mother's cousin, who married Jerome Hazleton. How does she come to be kept here?"

"I received a letter to meet her at Abbeyville," returned August, somewhat hotly. "I've been writing to the man who sent her."

"Trying to get that money?" sneered the stranger. "Well, it's mine. And I've come after my niece."

"I don't want the money unless it is mine," retorted August, "an Gertrude has stayed of her own will."

"Dot's der truth," added Aunt Happy. "She got no use to go vay."

"I'm the Pittsburg lawyer," put in the pompous individual, "and I have come [illegible] to get this thing straight. This Albert Werner is your cousin, Miss Hazleton."

It was Gertrude's turn now.

"I don't care about that," she retorted. "I never [illegible] talks to August like that. [illegible] after the will. It was [illegible] was [illegible]"

"The will says until you are married," began the lawyer.

Aunt Happy slapped the doorsill gleefully.

"Dot vas der pest choke!" she said feelingly.

August took the floor, his blue eyes laughing. "If being married eases up this any, we'll have it over with at once instead of next Sunday, as we intended. That fixes the money, for it mentions 'the next of kin,' and a son-in-law is a great deal nearer than a third or fourth cousin, isn't it, squire?"

"Vell, vell," smiled Aunt Happy. "Dot vas der goot vay out of it. I vas so gay I feels like der circus und der fair und der picnics vas all der time now."

But the lovers had wandered back to the garden hand in hand, oblivious of anger, greed, malice and the whole world.

Consumption Cured at a Bargain.

There is a little woman whose bargain hunting instincts are so highly developed that she couldn't pass a marked down sale without going in any more than a child could pass a human Santa Claus without stopping to watch his antics. Every time she buys anything she doesn't want and brings it home to her stricken husband she declares that it was "just like picking up $10." Last week she came home with a bottle of patent medicine.

"What is it?" asked her husband resignedly. He knows it is always better to ask "What is it?"

"Consumption cure!" she announced triumphantly, holding up the bottle to the light. "Isn't it a pretty color?"

"But who's got consumption around here?" asked the husband brutally.

The wife opened her eyes.

"Why, James," she remarked coldly, "I'm surprised at you! It was like picking up hundreds of dollars. It just cost 19 cents. A whole case of consumption cured for 19 cents! Aren't you broad minded enough to see the bargain?"

And, hugging the consumption sure close to her heart as though it were an abused poodle, she fluffed out of the room.—New York Press.

A Lucky Incidental.

"It was in a western court," said an eastern judge, "and the defendant, charged with the theft of sundry hams, was clearly guilty. He had been seen by a dozen witnesses committing the theft, the hams were found in his possession and he didn't deny the charge. His counsel already saw his client behind the bars and confined his remarks to this simple statement:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, in determining your verdict I want you to consider one thing—this defendant is a veteran of the Mexican war. He it was who first raised the American flag over Vera Cruz.' The defense rests its case.'

"The district attorney pointed out that the accused was clearly guilty, and the judge's charge was against the prisoner, but to the surprise of the court the jury after five minutes of deliberation returned a verdict of 'not guilty.'

"'Do you mean to say that not guilty is your verdict?' roared the judge.

"'Yes, your honor,' said the foreman, 'but I may as well add that it's lucky for the prisoner that he was the first man to raise the American flag at Vera Cruz.'"

A COPY OF THE KORAN.

How a Foreigner Must Go About Purchasing It in Stamboul.

In Stamboul there are several bookstores the proprietors of which are either Persians, Arabians, Abyssinians or Tartars. Not in the frequented streets are these stores, but in dark and narrow alleys. The books in them comprise various editions of the Koran, translated into all the languages of the orient; theological and historical treatises on the Koran in the Turkish, Persian and Arabic tongues, annals which clearly prove that all the sultans of the Ottoman dynasty were prodigies of genius and sanctity, marvelous fairy tales and stories of adventure, which are more or less fantastic and the sole object of which is to prove that no one should be considered honest, intelligent or happy unless he is a Turkish Mussulman, unless he venerates the sultan, unless he lives in Stamboul all his life without ever quitting it even for a day and unless he regards as utterly fabulous all that he hears about Europe.

A Mussulman is forbidden to sell a copy of the Koran, and therefore a foreigner who desires to purchase the sacred book must proceed as follows: Go into the bookstore, having on your face as pious an expression as possible, and say to the proprietor:

"I shall consider myself eternally indebted to you if you will present me with a copy of the Koran."

"As I am a devout believer," the proprietor will answer, "I think it my duty to assist any unbeliever who desires to instruct himself in our law. Moreover, you seem to be a serious man, and I am convinced that it is not curiosity which prompts you to obtain a copy of the Koran, but a sincere desire to study our religion. Therefore I am willing to make you a present of this copy, though I value it highly, for I paid a good price for it."

You will [illegible] the book in your pocket, and a minute or two later the proprietor will say, "I shall consider myself [illegible] your debtor if you will [illegible] present of [illegible]" forming [illegible] If you think [illegible] [illegible] copy [illegible]

EARLY [illegible]

[illegible] $2[illegible]000.

[illegible] $500,000.

Caligula spent for one supper $100,000.

Heliogabalus spent for one meal $100,000.

Lucullus usually paid $100,000 for a repast.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of $12,500,000.

Lentulus, the soothsayer, had a fortune of $16,500,000.

The sum of $2,000,000 was paid for the house of Antony.

Cæsar before he entered upon any office owed nearly $14,000,000.

Tiberius at his death left $118,125,000, which Caligula spent in less than ten months.

Crassus possessed in landed property a fortune equal to $8,000,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture.

Antony owed $1,500,000 at the ides of March, paid it before the calends of April and squandered $73,500,000 of the public money.

The Servant Problem Not New.

Students of household management will learn with satisfaction that in 1566 many of the evils now to be complained of were distinctly recognized. Some of the more curious fines which were imposed by a country gentleman upon offending servants were a penny for leaving a door open, missing prayers, leaving beds unmade after 8 (presumably a. m.), and cooks could only have followers at the rate of a penny fine for each one. A curious custom seems to have then existed that entree to the house was denied during the family meals, and as the fine for allowing a breach of this custom was heavy it may be presumed that the sin was esteemed great.

Taking No Chances.

"Now, Freddie, go and kiss your little sweetheart and make it up," said Freddie's mother.

"No, I won't."

"Go and tell her how much you love her and how sorry you are."

"No, I won't. Pa says he got into a breach of promise case by telling a girl that and had to marry the old thing. I won't run any risks, I won't."—London Tit-Bits.

A Modern Ananias.

Mrs. Mateland—Henry, I wonder if you love me as much as you used to love me before we were married. You never say the pretty things to me that you did in those days.

Mr. Mateland—That's because I love you more than I did then, dear. I love you too much now to lie to you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Was Economically Inclined.

Wantanno—And is your friend strong in the faculty known as "saving common sense?"

Duzno—Remarkably so. When it comes to saving common sense, he is a regular miser. I never knew him to use a particle o it in my life.—Baltimore American.

If you argue with a fool, he will get the best of you. Theories in the hands of a fool are always stronger than facts in the hands of a man of sense.—Atchison Globe.

TREMBELY ED'S AWAKENING

.....By Frederic Brush

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead

The mocking singsong came from an alley at the right of the village street and from a very small boy, but its effect on the man in the wagon was instant and remarkable. His chin dropped between his slouching shoulders, his head moved from side to side without the eyes following, and his idle hands twitched forward on the slack reins in a futile effort to push the horse into a trot.

Soon a half dozen boys were circling about the wagon, chanting the couplet with a peculiarly effective rise and fall.

The men in the tipped chairs on the hotel veranda laughed. A group of girls stopped to watch the sport. The roan mare ambled steadily through and turned down the next side street. Here the boys drew off, each with an apple or tomato from the rear of the wagon, but far down the street the cry followed him:

Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead

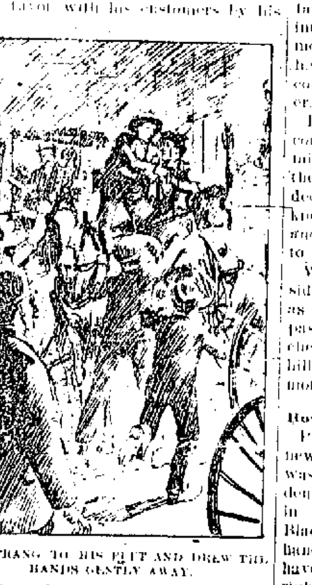
Ed Jamison's father died at floodtime while trying to save another man's fortune. For twelve years his mother drove alone to the village with the produce, beat down a mortgage dollar by dollar, subdued a stubborn upland farm and asked odds of no man. Ed Jamison had no right to be a coward. He grew up strong and healthy. But a coward he was, at that, in a community where physical courage must almost daily be put to the test.

People took different views of the matter. The greater number thought that his brain was wrong [illegible] or [illegible] than Ed [illegible] son had some [illegible] to him.

"Give him time—give him time and the right chance," they said.

His chance seemed to have come when [illegible] broke her hip. But for two weeks [illegible] as if it were a [illegible] on a rocking sea [illegible] necessities drove him down at last.

A week later the few that had championed him could not be found. [illegible] the trips regularly and [illegible] with his customers by his honesty and painstaking, he submitted cravenly to the heaped abuses of the town "gang" and slunk out of the village each day like a beaten tramp dog.



ED SPRANG TO HIS FEET AND DREW THE HANDS GENTLY AWAY.

* * * * * * * *

"You don't whistle any more, Ed," said his mother. "You look thin and sick. What's the matter?"

He had built her a couch on the sunny veranda behind the climbing rose. He cared for her tenderly. The green valley stretched away below them to the village marked by the smoking tannery chimneys.

"You've done well with the farm, Ed. Everybody says so. You mustn't get sick now. Whistle 'Lorena.' You know I always like that."

He started low and sweetly, quavered and broke down, arose hastily and walked out to the barn. The mother watched him with anxious eyes.

* * * * * * * *

The summer passed with sun and shower. Large harvests followed, and the Jamisons prospered. Ed came to enjoy comparative peace in the village, for the inability to arouse in him the least resistance made the game tiresome.

In September Mrs. Jamison was well enough to ride out, and one day Ed took her to visit a cousin down the river. He had never, like other lads of his age, taken the girls to ride, and this day he playfully called her his first girl—his sweetheart. He whistled the old tunes and imitated the roadside birds and was happy.

The drive home brought them to the village just at lamp lighting. Something unusual was happening. The main street was crowded with men and boys. Teams lined both sides, and at the open windows and in the yards and balconies the women chatted gayly.

"What is the celebration?" asked Mrs. Jamison of a neighbor as they drove alongside.

"Political meeting—great speech. Better hurry in, or you won't get near."

Ed proposed at once that they turn and take the long route around the town, but his mother would not hear of it. They found the crowd so dense in the main street that they could advance but a little way at a time, and opposite the speakers' platform they came to a standstill. A company of town boys forced through, jostling the people to right and left, shouting and blowing horns. The leader, a tall young fellow, struck the Jamison horse across the nose with a horn.

Looking up he saw who was the driver, and his joy nearly overcame him.

"Trembely Ed, as I'm alive!" he shouted. "Come on, boys! Here's our game! He'll scare to death here."

Perhaps they did not see that Ed's companion was a woman. The people fell back a little and looked on dully. Some of the best men of the town were there, but none offered to interfere. Bystanders' justice is as slow in getting under way as it is inexorable in its final action.

The gang was in their liveliest mood. They unbuckled the harness, tied the horse's ears, tipped the wagon and howled and circled. One of them threw a half eaten banana at Ed. He ducked, and Mrs. Jamison screamed and clapped her hands to her eyes. Ed sprang to his feet and drew the hands gently away. Blood streamed down her face. The sharp stem of the fruit had made a ragged cut in her cheek.

A country crowd takes up news as water does wave motion. Within five minutes it seemed that everybody in the place knew that something was happening down in the square.

"Ed Jamison's fighting! Ed Jamison's killed two men! There's an awful fight going on in the square! Trembely Ed Jamison's gone crazy!" So the rumors caught from man to man.

Something was happening. Trembely Ed Jamison was "licking" the Tannersville gang one by one in a twelve foot ring under the wavering torch lights of the speakers' stand, while the speaker waited and wondered.

It was minutes before the men got the wagon fully between their eyes, but when they did Ed got the place [illegible] the finish. Three of the gang tried to wriggle [illegible] tossed back [illegible] They saw [illegible] fought [illegible] for [illegible] but [illegible] and a [illegible] were pitted [illegible] It of [illegible] That had [illegible] loud [illegible] and steadily through [illegible] years had suddenly [illegible]

This flood swept him [illegible] could not stop. When the last man [illegible] leader, went down, he swung on into the crowd like a madman. Three men laid hold of him and shouted into his ears that it was all over. He recovered slowly and went to his mother. A doctor was binding up her wound.

People wondered afterward how she could have sat there so quietly in the midst of the noise and the jostle and the sickening blows, but Mrs. Jamison, deep in her troubled mother heart, knew that out of that dust and cursing and pain another son was being born to her.

When Trembely Ed took the seat beside her, they hardly knew him, and as the crowd parted widely to let him pass the pent up feeling loosed in cheer after cheer that rang up to the hills and on up to the high heart of his mother.

How Professor Blackie Apologized.

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class, with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!" and as the student would have spoken "No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was overrough? I did not know, I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart he said, "And let me say to you all I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

A Very Suspicious Case.

"It's wonderful, the change that has come over that man in the last month," remarked a prominent evangelist to a leading minister yesterday as an ex-convict passed them where they were waiting to take an east end car. "At one time he was the very worst who ever struck the city and did time for highway robbery."

"I notice that he has braced up," and the minister looked after him approvingly. "He seems to have reformed thoroughly. The other evening he attended service at my church and picked up a pocketbook with a sum of money, which he handed over to one of the deacons after service. Lots of people who were never suspected of crime wouldn't have done as well."

"Do you know, I think he's a little bit wrong in his head," said the evangelist in a tone suggestive of an inquiry.

"Yes," replied the minister meditatively. "Besides the incident I have just mentioned, I have noticed a lot of little things that lead me to think he's kind of crazy. I believe he's a good one to keep an eye on."—Duluth News-Tribune.

THE MATRON'S SPEECH.

Eloquence That Quelled a Riot in a Military Hospital.

In the "Memories of a Hospital Matron" a writer [illegible] who was head of a [illegible] hospital during the war, relates the following incident:

"Our steward, a meek little man, came to me one day, pale with fright, and said that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker and threatened to hang the steward. I hurried to the scene to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard and arrest the offenders. I found the new bakery leveled to the ground and 200 excited men clamoring for the bread which, they declared, the steward withheld from them from meanness or stole for his own benefit.

"'And what do you say of the matron?' I asked, rushing among them. 'Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen a chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken; me, who gave you a greater variety in peas than was ever known before and who lately stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker and want to hang my steward!'

"To my surprise the angry men laughed and cheered. A few days later there came to me a 'committee' of two sheepish looking fellows to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and [illegible] the steward had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper on which was written, 'For our chief matron, in honor of her brave conduct on the day of the bread riot.'"

THE COOKBOOK.

To prevent eggs from cracking when they are boiling, place a pin in the saucepan.

If you get too much salt in the gravy, a pinch of brown sugar will remedy the saltness without hurting the gravy in the least.

When onions are of too strong flavor to be pleasant for sauce, boil a turnip with them, but remove it before using the onions.

Never fry more than six oysters at once unless you have a very large kettle of fat. If more are cooked, they will soak grease and take a long time to brown.

Don't forget that mincemeat is a great deal better to be made a week or ten days before it is to be used. The spices and cider, etc., have thus time to percolate the apple and meat.

Peanut salad is an excellent accompaniment for roast duck. Soak a cupful of peanut meats in olive oil, drain and mix lightly with two cupfuls of finely cut celery and a dozen pitted olives. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce leaves.

Plea For the Wooden Shoe.

"We have wisely taken to wearing sandals," says a Philadelphia physician. "I hope that before long we will learn the advantage of the wooden shoe, or sabot. Do you know that a great many diseases are due to leather shoes, due to the wearing all day long of tight leather that is often, in bad weather, water soaked? And do you know that by the wearing of wooden shoes, which keep the feet dry and which do not 'draw,' all those diseases might be avoided? I have several pairs of sabots, and so have my wife and children. They cost about 30 cents a pair and keep the feet dry, without cramping them or making them unhealthily tender. I believe that the wisest thing Americans could do would be to take up the sandal and the sabot, discarding altogether the shoe of leather."

Didn't Know About Cashboys.

Uncle Podunk (shopping in town, to saleswoman)—How much fer them socks?

Saleswoman—Twenty-five cents a pair.

Uncle Podunk (putting his hand in his pocket)—All right. Gimme a pair.

Saleswoman—Yes, sir. Cash, here! C-a-a-s-h!

Uncle Podunk—Thunder and mud, woman! Ye needn't holler it so durn loud! I know it's cash here, an' ain't I feelin' fer it as fast as I kin?—New York Times.

Galvani's Discovery.

It is to the wife of Professor Galvini of Bologna that is due the credit of having discovered the electrical battery which bears his name. Some skinned frogs lay upon the table, and, noticing a convulsive movement in their limbs, she called her husband's attention to the strange fact, who instituted a series of experiments, and in 1791 he laid the foundation of the galvanic battery.

Their Luck.

"Just my luck," said Borem. "She's always out when I call."

"So she was telling me," said Miss Pepprey.

"She told you the same thing, eh?"

"Yes. Only she said it was just her luck."—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Luck.

She—Because I cannot marry you do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely.

He—It isn't a question of the world; I've got to face my creditors.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Redfield's Magazine
$1.20 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

BARBER SHOP
Alfred Sturdveint.
Shaving and Hair Dressing
—In the latest style of Art.—
None but first-class workmen employed.
Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist.
Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

UNDER the SURFACE

By Roy Richardson

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"I'm sorry we're invited," observed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they dressed to go out. "We shan't have a good time."

"Why?" her husband inquired. "I always liked Ned."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Edmonds, "I like them both, but, Will, try as hard as I may, they make me absurdly jealous."

Mr. Edmonds grew serious. "The old excuse, Grace. I thought you had outgrown that bad habit. We've got so much that they can never have. There!" he cried, pinching her cheek. "Let's put it aside. We have each other, while you know they quarrel. We must have them here some evening soon. You can sing while I juggle the chafing dish. Ned Constable never could make a decent rabbit. His wife won't let him learn how."

Mrs. Edmonds sighed even at her husband's picture of a pleasant evening at home. "I shall depend upon you," she said as they rang the Constable doorbell, "to keep me contented tonight, Will."

It was quite an affair. Mr. and Mrs. Constable, whatever they might be when alone, were a charming host and hostess.

"How well they do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Edmonds to her husband as they sat eating. Then, with a dangerous tone in her voice, she said, "I wish, oh, so much, that you and I"—

"There, there," Edmonds broke in gently. "We're not going to speak of that, dearie. By Jove!" he ejaculated suddenly. "I do believe there's old Tom Goodwin over there all by himself. You remember Tom, don't you, Grace—the fellow who was too poor to come to our wedding and who said he was sending [illegible] instead of buying a railroad ticket? I [illegible] seen him for months. He [illegible], I believe. You [illegible] a good old chap."

"[illegible]," Goodwin remarked a few moments later, seating himself beside his [illegible] friends. "I [illegible] the pleasure of [illegible] Mrs. Edmonds. And [illegible] his [illegible]. I [illegible] expected [illegible] the loveliest [illegible] Mrs. Edmonds, but I didn't want to come here at all."

THEY [illegible] RECOGNIZED THE TONES OF [illegible] HOST AND HOSTESS.

At this Edmonds smiled at his wife. "Neither did we. Now we are glad we did," he said. "But, Tom, why haven't you called? You might have found us before this in the directory."

"Oh, yes," Tom rejoined; "but you're such dreadful swells I didn't dare. You see," he explained while Mrs. Edmonds tried to tell him how modest they really were, "I'm just beginning. When you just begin, people don't like you, and mostly you don't take to them, and so I have thought it best to keep away by myself until I had done something worth while."

Goodwin made himself very agreeable, and Mrs. Edmonds liked him. Her husband got deep in debate with a business acquaintance, and the two men presently drifted to the other side of the room, so when the music began in the conservatory Goodwin took Mrs. Edmonds up stairs.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he said to her as they seated themselves next a dense mass of palms in the ballroom, "not to insist on dancing, but to talk to me. You're so cheerful and seem so contented. Will is a fortunate man, Mrs. Edmonds."

"How odd! I was discontented and blue when I came here tonight," she said, "all because I was—well, I was covetous."

Tom laughed.

"We all get that way at times, I fancy," he remarked. "Look at those De Puysters standing over there, the richest people here. You wouldn't believe it, but they are ridiculously jealous of the Four Hundred. How the Four Hundred fare we never know, but the De Puysters ape them as far as they can, while some of us are silly enough to ape the De Puysters. I am glad you are not one of those."

Before Mrs. Edmonds could confess that indeed she was one of them there came to her ear from behind the palms by which they sat the sound of voices. They both recognized the tones of their host and hostess. It was an awkward position, but they could not have escaped being seen from over the palms.

Constable was evidently remonstrating with his wife. "You can't mean to [illegible] to keep [illegible] the De Puysters. One [illegible] see us to [illegible]. I can't afford [illegible]."

"[illegible] saying [illegible] pay for that!" [illegible] Mrs. Constable, with considerable [illegible]. "Why don't you go into bankruptcy and be done with it? You never used to complain."

"We would look well bankrupt, wouldn't we?" her spouse cut in. "I never used to complain,' as you say, because I was getting rich fast then. It is changed now, and I'm often pinched for money to the verge of desperation. I've told you so, Anne. While I've no objection to your entertaining and having a good time, there's a limit to our means, you know, and where the devil the money for this is coming from I don't see."

"You never told me!" cried Mrs. Constable. "You merely said you were worried. And I'll tell you right now, Ned Constable, I do intend keeping pace with the De Puysters and flatter myself I have done so."

"He stuck me on 'change for $12,000 last week," muttered Constable. "You may be able to keep up the pace, but, by thunder, I can't at that figure, Anne."

There was a pause. Then he said pa[illegible]. "[illegible] You go at it wrong, and, as [illegible], I must correct you. Look at Will Edmonds and his wife. They are poor as the world takes such people, but they are richer and happier than we are."

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Constable, "and live in a little place where you can hardly turn around and where you meet starved musicians, impecunious actors or authors who hope to startle the world some day. Perhaps you would like to change places with them."

"I may have to," Constable murmured, "before it is all over. Come, Anne, the people are going. We must get downstairs."

Goodwin and Mrs. Edmonds arose, he serious, she trembling.

"Tell me," he asked her, "should we have gone away?"

"Yes and no," she answered. "We couldn't without their knowing." Then, putting her hand in his as they came to Mr. Edmonds, she observed seriously: "A little while ago I was jealous of them, Mr. Goodwin. Now I am not, and my little place where you can hardly turn around seems sweet and good to me. Come and see us at it. We will welcome you, and you may get an idea how nice humility is. Good night. I thank you for being here."

* * * * * * *

As Grace and Will stood again in their own house later that night she said to him as she kissed him, with tears in her eyes: "I thank the Lord, Will dearest, for our little place where some people can hardly turn around. Shut your eyes, Will, and say it after me: 'Bless our little place where you can hardly turn around.' Amen.'"

The Gifts of the West

The west gave to the world such types as [illegible] Thomas Jefferson, [illegible] his Declaration of Independence, [illegible] his purchase of Louisiana. [illegible] Andrew Jackson, [illegible] swept away the privacies and privileges of officialdom and, like a Gothic leader, [illegible] the temple of the nation to the populace. She gave us Abraham Lincoln, whose gaunt frontier form and gnarled, massive hand told of the conflict with the forest, whose grasp of the ax handle of the pioneer was no firmer than his grasp of the helm of the ship of state as it breasted the seas of civil war. She gave us the tragedy of the pioneer farmer as he [illegible] on to the conquest of the arid lands and met his first defeat by forces too strong to be [illegible] with ax and rifle. She has furnished to this new democracy her stores of [illegible] wealth, [illegible] provinces that in themselves are vast empires [illegible] the rival of the nations of Europe. Out of her loins [illegible] become a nation whose industrial competition alarms the old world and whose masters of her resources wield wealth and power vaster than the wealth and power of kings.—Frederick J. Turner in Atlantic.

A Fateful Game of Chess.

It is a Spanish tradition that the fate of Columbus overhung on a game of chess. For years the great navigator had haunted the Spanish court, trying to interest some one in his plans, but at last he determined to abandon the country and visit France. The night before his intended departure he sought an audience with the queen to communicate his intentions and to take his leave. The queen asked him to wait while she made another effort to interest the king. She found Ferdinand engaged at a game of chess, and disturbing him by her entrance caused him to lose a piece. Annoyed and irritated by the incident, the king, after rudely denouncing Columbus and his schemes, informed Isabella that the result of the petition would depend on the result of the game. It grew worse, and the chances were all against the launching of the expedition. But the queen, overlooking the board, whispered to her august spouse a suggestion relative to a move that would be advantageous. The king followed the advice, the complexion of the game was quickly reversed and Columbus' dream of years was realized at last.

Assumed at the Altar.

Tess—She's travelling under an assumed name now.

Jess—You don't say! What is it?

Tess—Her husband's. She was married yesterday.—Exchange.

For the Good of the Service.

Clara—He gave me an army and navy kiss.

Maud—What kind is that?

Clara—Oh, rapid fire! Sixty a minute! Smart Set.

It doesn't follow that the man who boasts of his rural origin will enjoy being told that he looks like a farmer.—Ohio State Journal.

For a Happy Day

By M. M'C. WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

Out in the garden Philomena sang so sweet and high it was like the scent of the clove pinks. They stretched in a matted mass all up and down the old fashioned borders. The garden was big, and a wide, weathered gray house brooded beside it. Time was when the Tryon house had been the finest and most hospitable in all the countryside. In the day of broken fortunes it still kept an aroma of cheery good will.

Lusty hundred leaf roses grew behind the bordering pinks. Philomena was snipping them ruthlessly, cutting them without stems and dropping them in her apron. It bulged ridiculously with the mass of bloom, but she kept crowding in clipped pinky white petals, pretending to be conscious of nothing but her work.

Somebody had come up behind her, a tall, young fellow, supple and merry eyed. He untied the apron strings delicately, gathered the band in his hands, stretching daring arms about her waist and said: "Stop slaying your thousands, Phil! One rose ought to love her sisters too well for wholesale murder."

Philomena slid from his clasp, dexterously leaving the huddled apron within his hands. "If I were a rose, I had rather be clipped for potpourri than be left to waste and wither," she said with a delicious upward tilt of the chin.

"Being interpreted, that means you have not given up a stage career," Arthur Wayne said, catching her hand. "Phil, Phil," he went on, "you must give it up. I cannot bear to think of my rose, my rose of all the world, withering, fading, in the glare of the footlights."

"Stop! We have gone over all that!" Philomena said imperiously. "I tell you, I must go. It is past bearing, the way things are now. Oh, I know my aunts would not starve. They've a roof over their heads, and Uncle John—but I cannot speak of him. What I cannot bear longer is to see them pinched, unhappy, lacking the little comforts that mean so much in age, feeling themselves dependent."

"You know our home would be theirs," Arthur interrupted.

Phil gave him a reproachful look. "You won't understand," she said. "All their lives they have been somebody, gentlewomen, able to hold up their heads. Gentlewomen [illegible] charity. They [illegible] money [illegible] uncle's advice [illegible]. Now, when I [illegible] I have a fortune in my throat, I must take care of [illegible] even if it breaks my heart."

The last word was under breath. Wayne tried to draw her to him, but a [illegible] voice [illegible]: "So [illegible] Very pretty! [illegible] very [illegible]. [illegible] Miss Tryon [illegible] ready for the early train tomorrow. I've a letter from Frazzoni. He will try your voice, provided you come to him by 11 o'clock in the morning."

"I shall go with you," Arthur said, [illegible]. "[illegible] you [illegible], dear. Let me take it back. If go you will, let me follow everywhere."

"No, no! I will not let you spoil your life!" Phil protested, but he held her fast, [illegible], as he looked Music Master Graham square in the eye. "Phil [illegible] a fair [illegible]. Wherever you may [illegible] I shall go too."

Graham's eyes were [illegible], not [illegible]. "That's as you please, young [illegible]," he said, waving his hand up and down. "But if you'll heed a friendly word, stay in touch at least at first. You see, you'll be so [illegible], so pal[illegible] romantic you'll be set down not as a fact, but a press agent's fake. The voice there," nodding toward Philomena, "is so pure, so golden, so rarely true it needs to be kept high, not vulgarized. I give you my word the roaring lions supposed to haunt stage doors are really no more than yelping curly poodles. They tag after and fawn upon you for an encouraging look or word, come to the whistle and tumble over themselves to follow a finger even half lifted. But as for danger, my friend, even an unconscious look scares them. Miss Tryon has only to be herself in order to be always and everywhere perfectly safe."

"Notwithstanding, I shall go," Arthur said obstinately.

Graham shrugged his shoulders. Miss Tryon, the elder of the aunts, came tripping between the borders, her delicately wrinkled face exhaling a spiritual fragrance like the scent of dried rose leaves. "Come in, all of you," she said eagerly. "There's a peddler on the piazza, an elderly man, and he looks so tired, carrying that heavy pack. Such lovely things! Yes," deprecatingly to Philomena, "Martha and I let him show them, but indeed it was after we had told him we could not buy. I thought, though, maybe, Arthur—only his mother gets so much in the city. But really there is the loveliest length of brocade, almost exactly like my grandmother's second day's silk"—

As she spoke she had huddled the other three in front of her toward the house, much as she would have marshaled fowls a trifle unruly.

At the piazza steps Philomena sat down, but the men both fell to examining the peddler's wares. Graham, indeed, almost instantly caught up the length of brocade, crying as he threw it over Philomena's shoulder, "Here's exactly what is wanted for your first opera costume!"

In spite of herself Phil gave a little delighted cry, the silvery satin ground was so rich and lustrous, the apple bloom strewn over it so perfect in line and color. She was sorry when the peddler said respectfully:

"That, sir, is an ordered bit, so not for sale."

"Get another [illegible] for your [illegible] [illegible] to have [illegible]" [illegible] [illegible] "These are specially [illegible] for a happy day gown."

"Who is to wear it?" Philomena asked softly, stifling a sigh. Somehow she found herself trembling, all her courage ebbing away. She wished as she had never wished before that she had somebody of her very own to lean on. Her mother had died when she was born. Her father had gone away, disappeared, leaving her only a clouded name for heritage. She had never known until the trouble came; then Uncle John had spoken harsh truth. It was that, as much as love for the two dear old ladies, which kept her steadfast to the thought of going into the world and winning its applause.

She had never been curious or envious. But somehow there swelled in her a sense of passionate injury against the unknown who was to wear this happy day gown, ordered no doubt by a father's loving pride. She crushed the rich fabric between her fingers and fixed a long look upon the peddler's face.

"A girl is to wear it—that is, if she chooses," the peddler said, moving a step nearer.

Then she saw that he was more gray [illegible] worn and weary than aged. Dimly [illegible] she saw, too, a likeness [illegible] her [illegible] to her feet. The [illegible] her father's portrait [illegible] in the bloom and strength of young manhood. She glanced from [illegible] to the peddler and back again, then stood white as death, facing him, too shaken to speak. His eyes followed hers and grew misty as he cried:

"Sisters! Daughter! So I have really kept my place! Philomena, my baby, the happy day gown was brought for you."

Greedy Animals.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals which have often, by the force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pilchards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a heap of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised [illegible] a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have [illegible] it of its eyesight and will [illegible] take away its life. [illegible] through the [illegible] tongue.

Modest Charity.

They were discussing charity in the drawing room, and one of the gentlemen was inveighing with some sarcasm against the benevolent folk who make donations and have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," he said eloquently, "have pride or vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once when I was traveling through a part of the country where I was not known I came upon a [illegible] little station, where in the waiting room [illegible] was fastened to the wall a box bearing [illegible] for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations.

"There was not a soul there, not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name, and I went and dropped a gold piece into the box and slipped away unseen. Now, sir, what I contend is this: my secret offering was a more meritorious act than if it had been made on [illegible] subscription list with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine [illegible] charity, and I [illegible]."

The Motion of a Swimming [illegible]

[illegible] was chosen as the subject of investigation, and the successive photographs were taken at intervals of one-tenth of a second. They show completely the movement of the fins and present a similarity to the photographs that have been obtained of the motions of the wings of a flying bird.

The swimming action begins with a lifting of the front part of the fin. This lifting motion runs rapidly backward along the fin, the front part being in the meantime depressed once more, and just before the motion ceases at the tail the movement recommences at the front end of the fin.

Altogether.

"How many are there in your family?"

"Seven altogether, but we're scattered all over the United States."—Baltimore American.

Why has no religion this command before all others: Thou shalt work?—Auerbach.

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. BAYER ESTATE.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

[illegible] Cromwell.

On the [illegible] of May, 1637, [illegible] to [illegible] of history. [illegible] ships lay in the Thames ready to sail. A body of pilgrims were about to embark, and Oliver Cromwell and his famous cousin, John Hampden, were among them. But they were stopped at the landing by a guard of soldiers. The king had decreed that his subjects should not leave England. Cromwell stayed, and with him, as Macaulay wrote, "stayed the evil genius of the house of Stuart." Had Cromwell and his friends been allowed to carry out their project of emigration the whole history of the English civil war might have remained unwritten.

A Misfit Quotation.

An attache of a religious bookstore has spent so many years of his life among theological volumes that he is Scriptural or nothing, but he sometimes evolves a misfit. When his attention was called the other day to a rose neatly attached to the lapel of his coat, and an insinuation thrown out that a lady friend might have had something to do with it, he parried the insinuation by saying: "[illegible] I gathered that rose from myself [illegible]."

Any person attending a spiritualistic seance in Bohemia is liable to a fine of $10.

OZOLINE

will cure Hot Sore Throat—A never failing remedy for Sore Mouth, Quinsy and Sore Throat, [illegible] Taken in time it prevents Diphtheria. Try it. Money refunded [illegible].

[illegible] all druggists

OZO REMEDY CO., New Brighton, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Register and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts [illegible]

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
[illegible] D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies Fruits and Vegetables in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

HOTELS

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

[illegible] McGUIRE, Prop'r.

[illegible] Street, Smethport, [illegible]

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

First class accommodations for the traveling public.

M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

[illegible] recently [illegible] Hotel, [illegible] prepared [illegible] the public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor.

CHADWICK HOUSE,

D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.

Larabee, Penn'a,

First-class in every respect

Well-supplied Bar.

Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been refitted and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Gorton & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] & [illegible]

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business [illegible] Office [illegible] Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office [illegible] Main Street, [illegible] Pa.

[illegible] promptly.

[illegible] & Son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' building over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Connected with long distance telephone [illegible]

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

[illegible] Penn'a [illegible]

[illegible]

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, [illegible] War claims given prompt attention. [illegible] given to both widows and [illegible] under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. [illegible] Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 402 B.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. [illegible]

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph.G., M.D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.

Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and Residence in Reilly Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST,

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Wheeler & Wilson

THREE TIMES THE VALUE OF ANY OTHER

ONE THIRD EASIER AND FASTER

The only Sewing Machine, that does not fail in any point.

Rotary Motion and Ball Bearing make it the lightest running machine in the world.

Rapid. It saves about one day in three, for it sews that much faster than any vibrating shuttle Sewing Machine made, therefore more work can be done, more time saved, more money earned.

Quiet and Durable. The Rotary Motion does away with noise and wear caused by the forward and backward movement of the shuttle.

Best for All Kinds of Sewing. Will sew the lightest goods without puckering them, and on heavy work makes a seam that is elastic, strong, and durable.

C. A. BURDICK.

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.